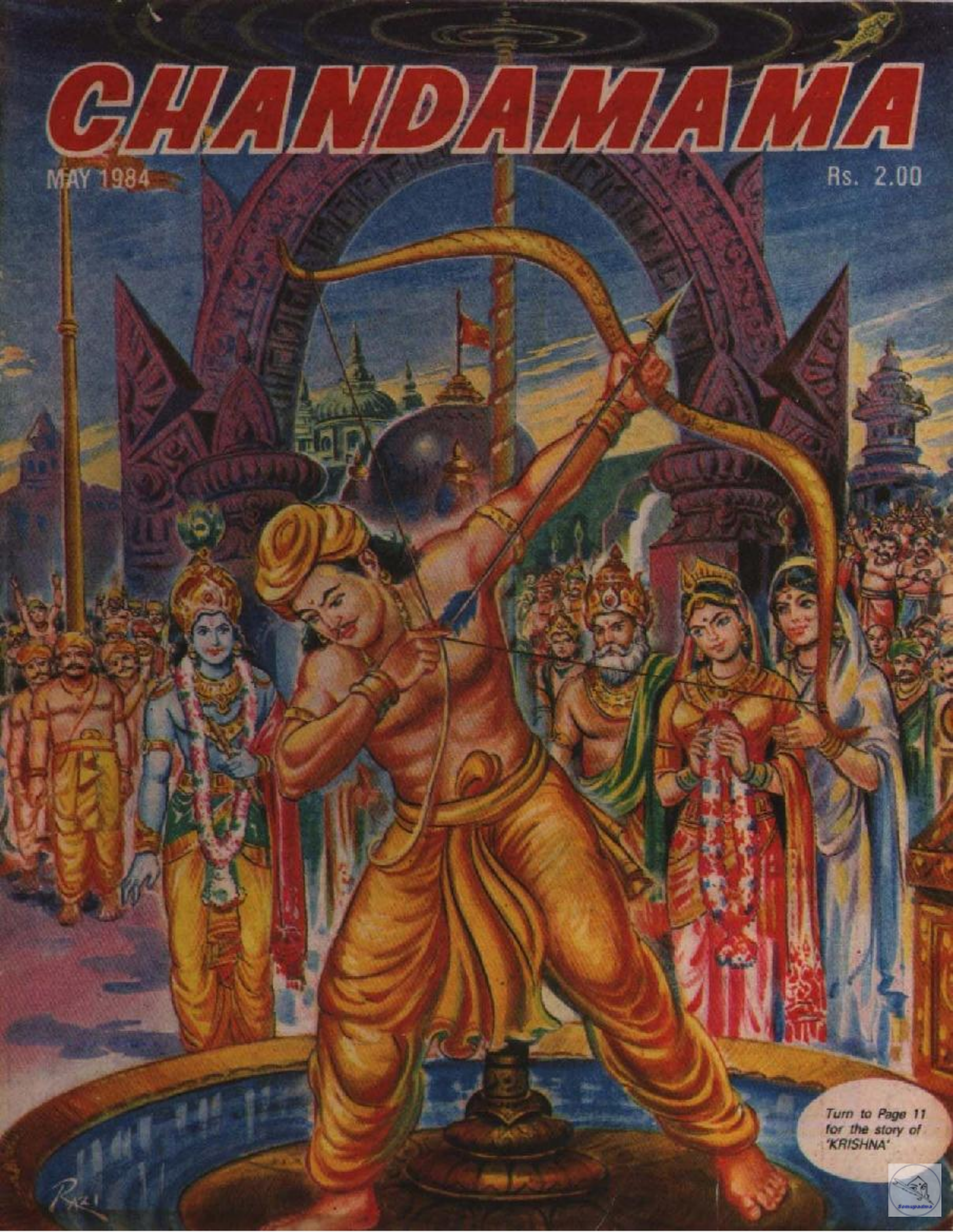


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The Delhi Administration has instituted a prize of Rs one lakh for the best book for children on the "History of the Freedom Movement." This has been announced by Chief Executive Councillor Jag Parvesh Chandra. Writers and scholars from all over India are invited to participate in this open competition.

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* *When Faith can be Blind — A Legend of India*

* *End of the Mutiny — in Story of India*

* *A Prince among Whales — in Nature's Kingdom*

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AND Newsflash, Contests, Let Us Know, Do You Know and More!



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You have just bade goodbye to the giant of the sea—*Moby Dick* and the fascinating captain Ahab out to wreak vengeance on the giant. Now we are launching yet another exciting voyage along with the young Jim Hawkins, in search of a fabulous hidden treasure.

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Enjoy the classic serialised through pictures, beginning with this issue.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

सत्यमेव जयते नानृतं सत्येन पन्था विततो देवयानः ।

येनाक्रमन्त्यृषयो ह्याप्तकामा यत्र तत् सत्यस्य परमं निधानम् ॥

*Satyameva jayate nānṛtaṁ satyena panthā
vitato devayānaḥ*

*Yenākramantyrṣayo hyāptakāmā yatra tat
satyasya paramam- nidhānam.*

Truth alone triumphs, not falsehood. Truth is the way of the gods which the sages, satisfied (with their quest), take to reach their ultimate destination — the source of Truth.

— *The Mundaka Upanishad*



CHANDAMAMA'S LETTER TO RAKESH SHARMA

Dear Friend,

Chandamama has been smiling in space since times immemorial. But it is always happy to welcome a friend.

And when the friend begins doing Yoga in space, Chandamama is even happier, for it is hopeful of picking up a trick or two.

The ancient Yogis did not leave the earth, but their thoughts went very high. In our time man has gone very high. But are his thoughts equally high?

We wish that beginning with you the question ceases to arise. Let man's physical rise to great heights be matched by his high thoughts and lofty conduct.

Congratulations from
CHANDAMAMA

Krishna

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: Jarasandha was out to avenge the death of his son-in-law, Kamsa. He instigated the mighty Kalyavan against Krishna. Pursuing Krishna, Kalyavan saw a sleeping man in a cave and kicked him. The man, Muchukunda, woke up. His fiery look reduced Kalyavan to ashes.)

A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

While Kalyavan was pursuing Krishna, Kalyavan's lieutenants were pursuing both. They were waiting to come to their master's aid if need arose.

They saw a stranger coming out of the hills, but neither Kalyavan nor Krishna. The news of Kalyavan being reduced to ashes was given out by the

stranger who was none other than King Muchukunda. Soon the report reached Jarasandha. He came rushing with his army. Upon learning from Kalyavan's lieutenants that Krishna and Balarama were still hiding in the hills, he set fire to the whole region.

Innumerable trees that co-





vered the hills burst into flames. Huge boulders cracked and rolled down. The forest kept burning for days together. Jarasandha felt sure that Krishna and Balarama had gone up in smoke!

After a resounding laughter that echoed in the deserted hills, Jarasandha went back home.

By then Krishna and Balarama had arrived in their lovely new city, Dwaraka on the sea.

* *

Just as Jarasandha was under the impression that Krishna and Balarama were no more, the princes of a great dynasty, the Kauravas, also thought that

their rivals, the Pandavas, were no more. This is how it came about:

The Kauravas and the Pandavas were cousins. The father of the Kauravas, Dhritarashtra, was blind. His younger brother, Pandu, ruled a vast territory with Hastinapura for his capital. But Pandu, because of a curse, went to live in the forest with his family. After his death, his queen Kunti and his five sons returned to the palace, only to be maltreated by Dhritarashtra's sons.

And Dhritarashtra had a hundred sons—known as the Kauravas—after an illustrious ancestor, Kuru. The Pandavas—they were called so after their father Pandu—were only five: Yudhishthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva. Imagine the plight of the five in the hands of a wicked hundred led by the eldest Kaurava, Duryodhana.

Dhritarashtra, the blind king, had arranged for a highly gifted guru, Dronacharya, for educating both the groups of princes. The Pandavas excelled the Kauravas in the every subject, particularly in the military arts.

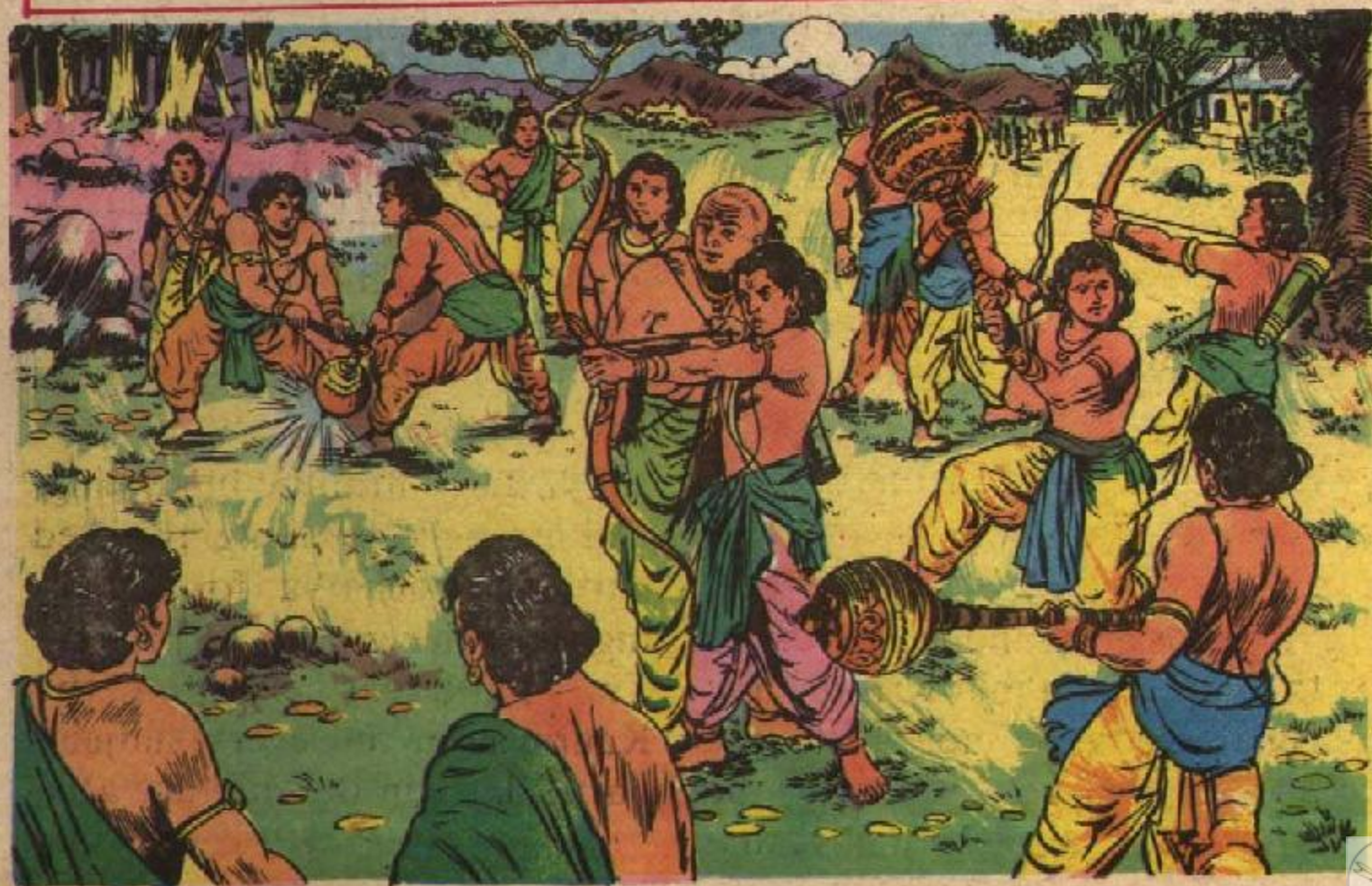
That was an age when some

people had mastered the laws hidden in nature. They combined their physical prowess with their knowledge of such secret laws. This combination became most evident in the use of weapons. For example, an arrow, shot by one who uttered a certain hymn, could be a thousand times more effective than an ordinary arrow. There were hymns and secrets, secrets and secrets, that could charge different weapons with different powers. An arrow could become a string of lightning, the single stroke of a sword could topple a hundred heads and the blow from a mace could smash a

mountain.

Thus did the physical objects prove immensely powerful when charged with supernatural.

Drona taught the intricate art of wielding the weapons to the princes paying equal attention to all. But the Pandavas learnt their lessons much faster than the Kauravas. Besides, the nobles and the citizens were all praise for the Pandavas because the boys were humble and a highly disciplined lot. Yudhis-thira who impressed all by his honesty, truthfulness and kindness, was obeyed by his four younger brothers as soldiers





obey their captain.

One day in a tournament witnessed by the nobility and princes from the neighbouring kingdoms, the Pandavas proved their superiority over the Kauravas in everything. They rode horses as if they were flying, they knocked down distant targets with their arrows with incredible ease and controlled agitated horses and elephants as easily as taming lambs. Thunderous applauses greeted them. In contrast, the Kauravas received only lukewarm praise. They felt humiliated.

Duryodhana could not sleep

at night. Jealousy tormented him like a fire in his heart. He had once tried to poison Bhima, physically the strongest of the Pandavas, but his attempt had misfired. Now he drew up a novel plan to finish off all the five at one fell swoop.

Far away from the city was a lovely place called Varanawata. Duryodhana commissioned a team of skilled craftsmen to build a beautiful house there. Under his influence, the old Dhritarashtra summoned Yudhisthira and said, "My boy, a change of place for a short while often works like a tonic. You and your worthy brothers must have been tired of studies and the tournament. Proceed to Varanawata and relax there for some days in the house we have built there. I understand that it is a beautiful house."

Yudhisthira respected Dhritarashtra no less than he would have respected his father. He gathered his brothers and set out for the new house. Mother Kunti accompanied them.

They found the house not only beautiful—as King Dhritarashtra had told them—but also quite glittering. They soon found out what Dhritarashtra

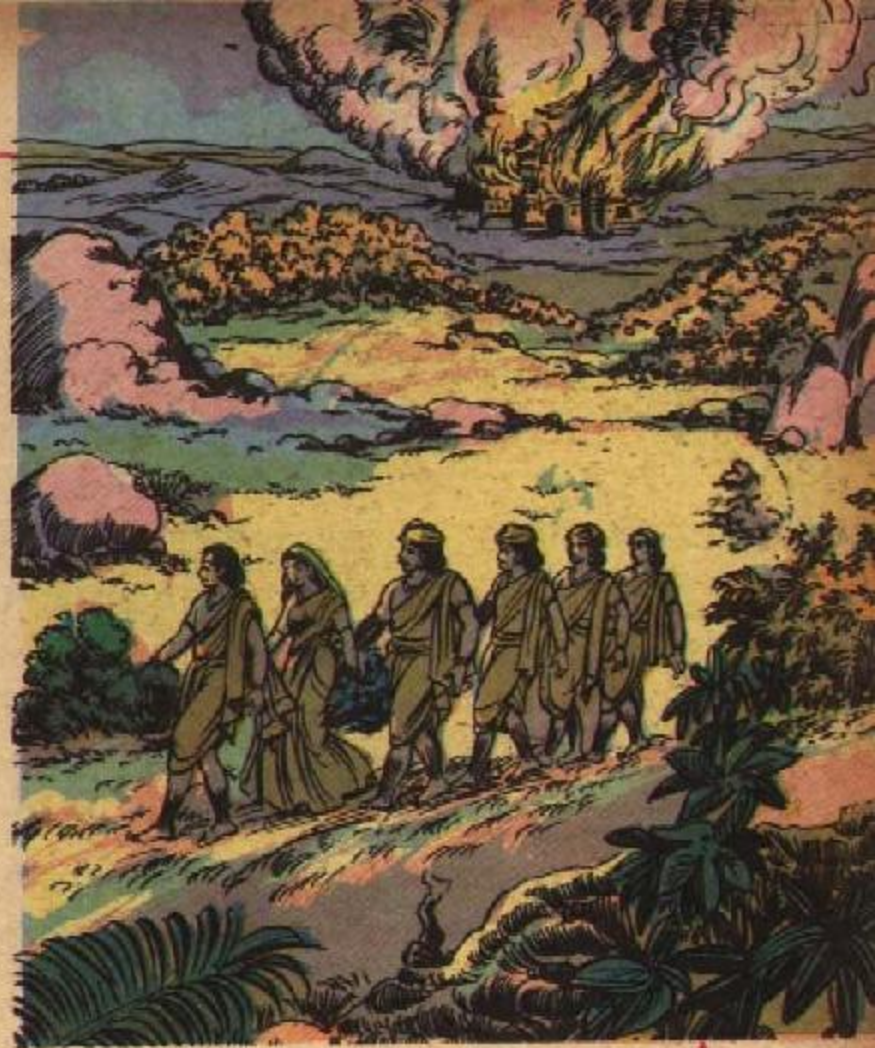
probably did not know—that it was made of lac—a highly inflammable stuff! It did not take long for the Pandavas to read the sinister motive of the Kauravas in despatching them there. Since discretion was the better part of valour, they decided to put fire to the house themselves, before Duryodhana could do it. They wanted to create the impression that the house had gone up in flames accidentally and that its inmates had been destroyed.

It so happened that some drunken vagrants lay asleep outside the house the night the Pandavas set it on fire and escaped. When the news of the destruction of the house and the discovery of the charred bodies reached Hastinapura, the Kauravas could hardly contain their happiness, though their elders sighed with anguish.

Thus taken for dead, the Pandavas had nothing to fear from the Kauravas for the time being.

In course of their wandering in the guise of Brahmins, they reached the kingdom of Panchala, ruled by King Drupada.

The king had convened a Swayamvara for his daughter, Draupadi, whom he had got



from a Yajna. He knew that she was no ordinary girl and that she was destined to play a great role in some significant events in the future.

That was why the king had put forth a difficult condition for those who offered themselves as her suitors. He had a huge bow made. In order to qualify for marriage with Draupadi, one must shoot five arrows at a time through a circle and hit an object suspended high above it.

One after another the princes who had gathered for the Swayamvara tried their hands at hitting the target, but in vain. Even Duryodhan failed miser-

ably.

The challenge was then thrown open to the others present. The disguised Arjuna stepped forward. He passed the test to everybody's amazement. Draupadi garlanded him and the king declared the event over.

But a group of princes got terribly jealous of Arjuna. They took the Brahmin's success to be accidental. "How can we look on while a beggar leads away the charming princess" they shouted and at once attacked Arjuna.

Suddenly they saw one of the suitor's companions uprooting a gigantic tree and getting ready to answer the attack. Little could they imagine that he was Bhima.

But one who recognised them immediately, though they had

never met earlier, was Krishna. He was present on the occasion of the Swayamvara as he was close to King Drupad. He climbed a platform and cried a halt to the unjust offensive by the jealous princes. "Stop, you misguided friends, is it not understood that the invitees to a Swayamvara must abide by the rules of the game? The Brahmin passed the necessary test and won the princess. What right do you have to snatch his bride from him"

The princes realised their folly and stopped.

Krishna who knew all about the happenings at Hastinapura—the harassment of the Pandavas in the hands of the Kauravas—followed Arjuna and his party to their lodge.

A great friendship was in the process of beginning.



LAUGH WITH NASRUDDIN

The Mulla and The Money-Lender

Once Mulla Nasruddin was praying, "O God, give me a good deal of money!" A money-lender who by chance heard this threw a bag filled with money through the Mulla's window—for fun.



"Ha Ha!" laughed the money-lender entering the Mulla's house. "Enough. Now let me have my money back!" he said. But calmly replied the Mulla, "God granted my prayer. If He used you as His agent, it is His business."

However strongly the money-lender might demand, the Mulla refused to part with the money. "Let us go to the Kazi!" said the money-lender. The Mulla agreed to go only if he had a donkey to ride on.



The money-lender agreed to lend him a donkey. "But I have no coat and shoes. How can I appear before the Kazi?" asked the Mulla. The money-lender gave him a coat and a pair of shoes on loan.

They arrived at the Kazi's court. The money-lender put forward his complaint against the Mulla. "What have you to say?" the Kazi asked the Mulla.



"Sir, the man is in the habit of claiming others' things as his own. I should not be surprised if he claims the donkey I rode to be his!" said the Mulla.

"But the donkey is mine!" cried out the money-lender. "Sir, next he might claim the coat I have put on and even the shoes I wear to be his!" said the Mulla.



"Of course they are mine!" cried out the money-lender louder. At that the Kazi and everybody else burst into a thunderous laugh. The case was dismissed. Back home, the Mulla returned to the money-lender his donkey, coat and shoes, but not his money. "This is the fruit of my prayer!" he asserted.



Treasure Island

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentleman having asked me to write down the whole account of the Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the exact location of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I, Jim Hawkins, take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the inn 'Admiral Benbow' and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up lodgings under our roof.



As he approached, he broke out with that old sea-song he sang so often afterwards; 'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'

Then he rapped on the door with a bit of a stick like a handspike which he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of wine. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly. "This is a handy cove" he said at length.



I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the door of our inn his sea chest following behind him in a hand barrow; a strong, heavy nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty livid white.

"Much company here?" he asked my father. My father told him no, very little company. "Well, then," he said, "this is the berth for me. I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I wants. You may refer to me as captain." He threw down some gold pieces on the table. "You can tell me when I've worked through that."





The man he had hired to bring his sea trunk to the inn told us that the ship had set him down the morning before at the 'Royal George', and that he had inquired what inns were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, had chosen it as his place of residence. We soon found him a very silent man by habit. All day he hung around the cove or up on the cliffs with a brass telescope.



One day, after he had come back from a stroll, he took me aside and promised me a silver fourpenny if I kept my 'weather eyes open for a seafaring man with one leg.' Because I saw that he was frightened, I suppose, that person began to haunt my dreams...



I was almost as frightened by the tales our none too welcome guest used to tell us in the evenings. Dreadful stories they were about hanging and walking the plank and storm at sea and wild deeds on the Spanish coast.





With the arrival of winter my father was taken ill, and it soon became plain that he was little likely to reach the Spring. It was not too long after this, that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that would rid me at last of our unwanted guest. One day, when mother was upstairs with father, the parlour door opened and a man stepped in.

"Is my mate Bill here?" he asked with a kind of leer. "He has a cut on one cheek." I knew that he meant our guest, and I told him that he was out. "Then I'll wait." And wait he did until the captain finally arrived. "Bill," he called out. "It's your old ship-mate come to see you." The captain turned and made a sort of gasp. "Black Dog!" he addressed the new-comer



"You've run me down then," said the captain, looking as pale as a ghost. "Well then, speak up; what is it?" "I'll have a glass of wine from this dear child here, and then we'll talk plain like old ship-mates," returned Black Dog. I brought Black Dog his wine and then returned to the bar.

For a long time, although I did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher. "No, no," shouted the captain. "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I." There was the sound of a chair and a table going over, and a clash of steel followed, then a cry of pain. The next instant, Black Dog went past me in full flight,





At the door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous missile which would have split him in two had it not been checked by our big sign board outside. That blow was the last of the battle. Black Dog showed a wonderful clean pair of heels and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute.

The captain passed his hand over his eyes several times as he turned back into the inn. "Jim," says he, "Rum," and as he spoke, he reeled. "Rum!" As I ran to fetch it, he fell to the floor. At the same instant my mother came running downstairs.



Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed and his face a horrible colour. It was a happy relief for us that at precisely that moment Dr. Livesey arrived on his daily visit to my father. "The man has had a stroke," the doctor announced.



With much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow. About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He seemed both weak and excited. "How long am I to lie in this old berth?" said he. "The doctor said a week at least," said I. "Thunder!" he dried. "I can't do that; they'll have the black spot on me by then!"

—To Continue

The Perfect Match

In a certain town lived a vagabond called Marwazi. In another town, not far from the first, lived yet another vagabond named Razi. Both thrived by cheating others.

One day Marwazi filled a bag with dry mud and walked towards the neighbouring city, carrying the bag on his back. Midway he saw a fellow coming from the opposite direction, also carrying a bag.

Marwazi thought, "Whatever be the stuff this fellow is carrying, it has to be more valuable

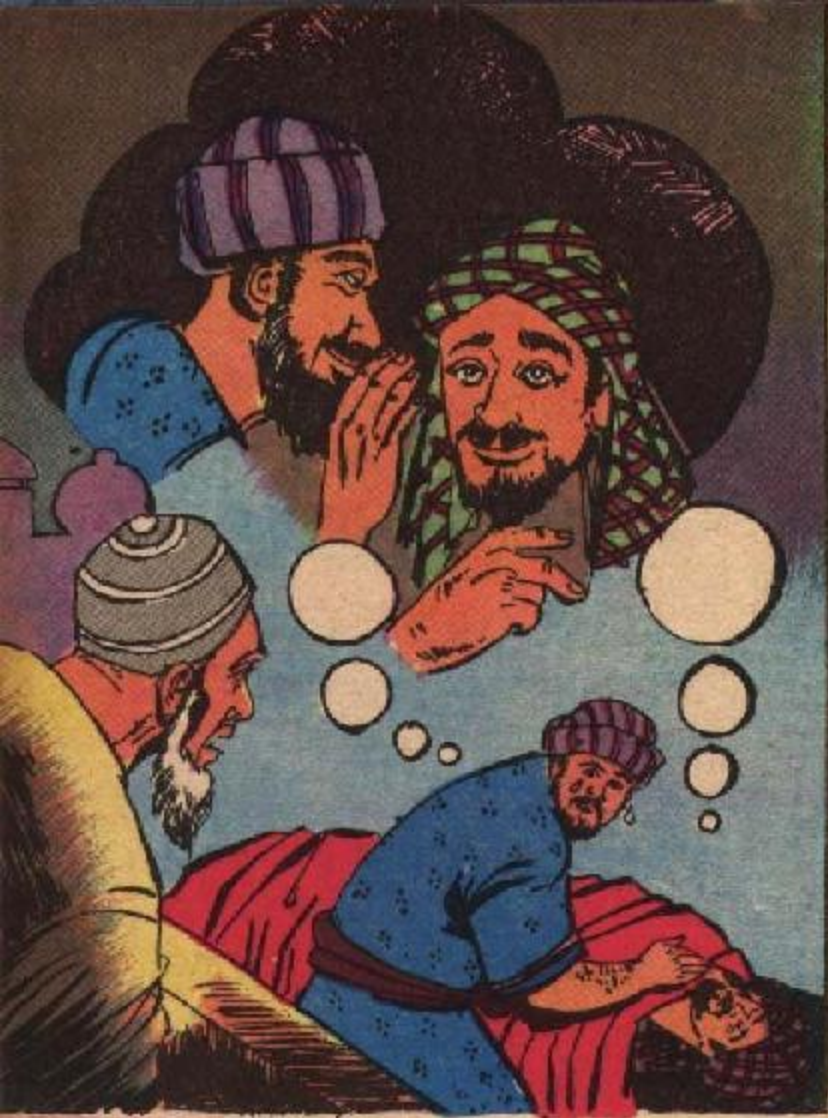
than what I am carrying." He stopped under a tree. So did the other man who was none other than Razi.

"Nowadays the price of raisins has fallen so low that I'm reluctant to sell my ware," said Marwazi.

"The same with the price of almonds. I've been carrying a load of it since yesterday, but no satisfactory buyer!" said Razi.

"I've an idea: I know some people who are looking for almonds. Will you exchange your ware with mine?" asked





Marwazi

"Not a bad idea, I suppose. I know some people who were in need of raisins," said Razi.

They exchanged their loads and parted in opposite directions. Marwazi was very happy that he had exchanged dry mud for almonds. In order to be sure of the quality of the stuff, he opened the bag. What should he see but dry cowdung!

He ran, shouting, "Ho almond-merchant!" But he had no reason to run very fast. Razi was also rushing towards him, shouting, "Ho raisin-merchant!"

Both met and laughed and

patted each other. "I was looking for a clever guy like you for years, to befriend him," said Marwazi.

"Allah be praised for bringing us together," said Razi. He proposed that Marwazi accompany him to his town where both can launch some profitable project.

Marwazi went home and brought his wife along and proceeded to Razi's native town. "This is my brother, separated from me since childhood, and this is my loving sister-in-law," Razi told the folks of his town, introducing Marwazi and his wife to them.

At night they hatched a plan. In the morning Marwazi was seen lying like dead.

"Aluck, the climate of this place! It killed my brother overnight!" Razi lamented aloud. He placed Marwazi on a cart and pushed it through the town appealing to the people for help to bury the dead. Help came generously.

From his balcony the Kazi of the town saw the scene. "Don't you worry for your brother's funeral. I shall deem it a privilege to bear the expense myself. Allah will have mercy on

me," he shouted. His friends and servants came and took charge of the cart and led it to the burial ground. Marwazi's body was kept in a room and before lowering it into the pit all went for a bath, as was the custom.

Marwazi sprang to his feet and escaped. On reaching his host's house, he heard his wife weeping and Razi consoling her, saying, "It was Marwazi's fate that he should be buried alive. What can we do?"

Marwazi stepped in. Razi was surprised, but he laughed and said, "I knew you'll somehow make it."

"Thanks. Now let us divide the money you received from the people for my funeral!"

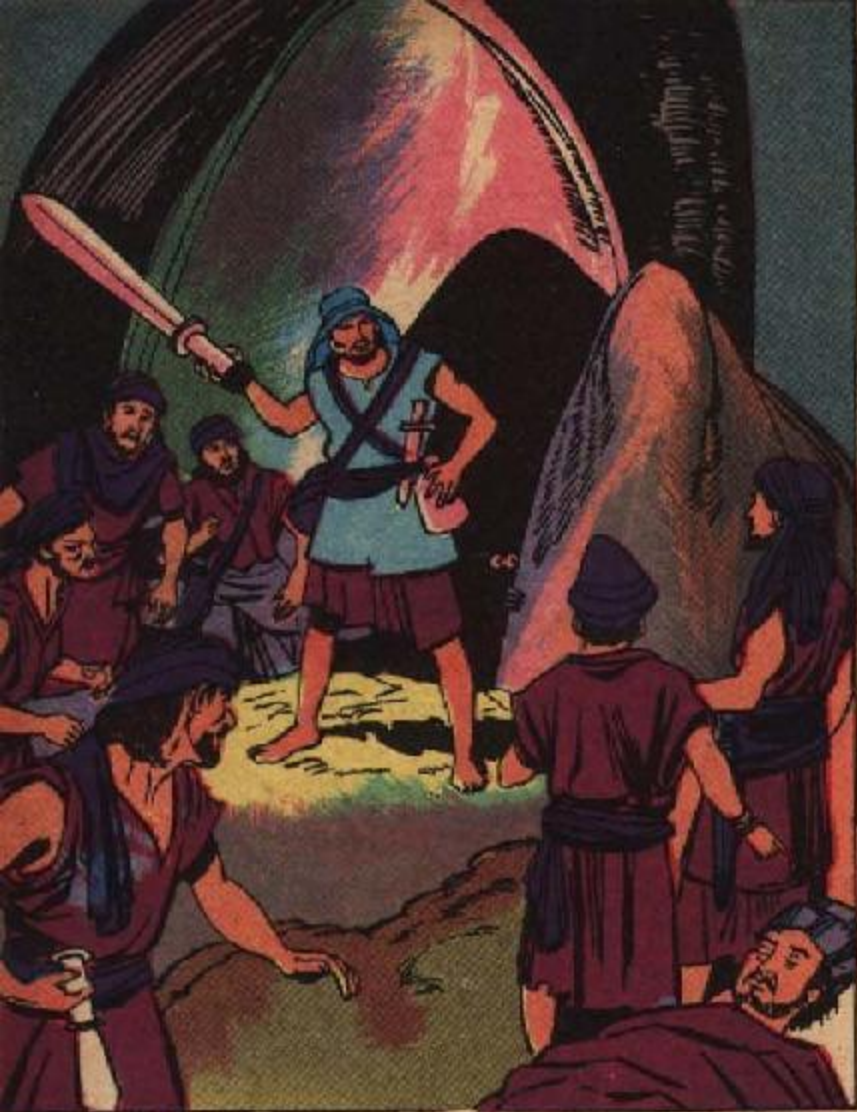
"What's the hurry? I'm a bit busy today. Let's do it tomorrow." said Razi.

Next day Razi's wife was heard crying and shouting, "My husband is dead!"

"Is that so?" asked Marwazi who understood that Razi was determined to cheat him of his share in the previous day's income. "Now we must carry him for a burial!"

Marwazi placed Razi on a cart and pushed him towards the burial ground. Razi's wife followed him.





Now, Razi had practised remaining buried for several hours. He had told his wife that once Marwazi had left the place, she should dig him out.

Marwazi paid for digging the pit. Razi's body was lowered. Some leaves were put on the body, as was the custom, so that sand would not touch it directly. Then the pit was filled up.

"I must be here for two days, weeping over the dead. You may go," Razi's wife told Marwazi.

"How do you say such a thing to me, my sister? I've decided to be here mourning over my friend for ten days," replied

Marwazi.

Hours passed. Thinking that Marwazi will leave the place once she went away, Razi's wife returned home.

At once Marwazi removed the fresh earth from the pit and pulled out Razi's body. But Razi showed no motion.

"I've never known such a rogue. But I'll give him such a beating that he will know that he had met his match!" thought Marwazi.

The burial ground was not the place for beating as it would attract the attention of the guards. He dragged Razi along into another compound where people of a different religious faith left the dead bodies of their people on a low rocky ground for vultures to consume them.

Throwing Razi there, Marwazi began to thrash him. "Speak or I'll kill you!" he shouted as he brought his whip down on Razi's back.

It so happened that a gang of robbers, carrying a huge quantity of loot, came there for dividing it among themselves. At their approach Marwazi slipped away and hid behind a rock.

The booty the bandits

brought included a sword. "I must try it," said the bandit-chief, running his fingers on its edge.

"Here is a fresh dead body, boss," said a member of his gang, touching Razi with his foot.

"Fine, fine, let me see if I can behead the corpse at one stroke," said the bandit-chief while taking a step towards Razi.

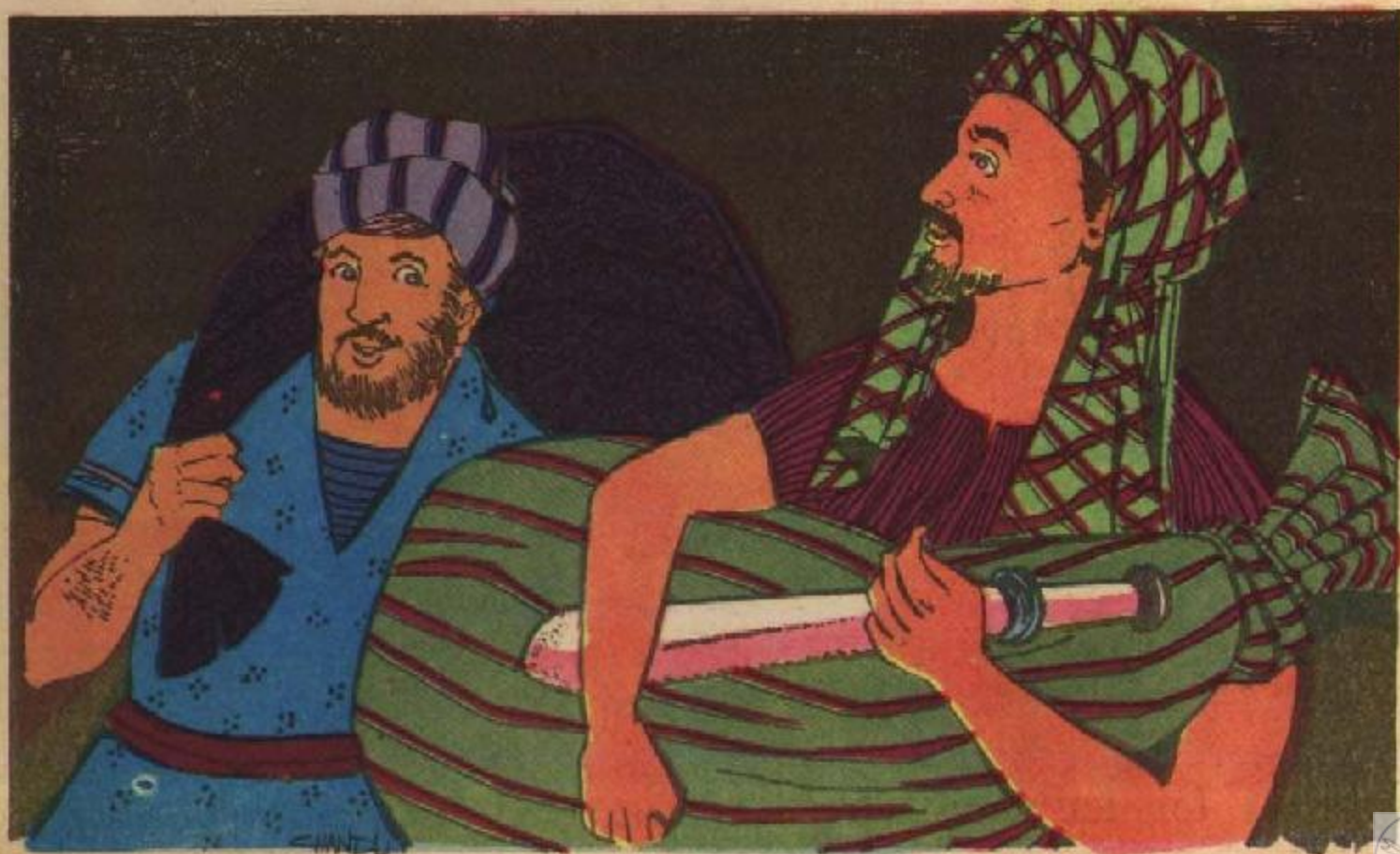
Razi now realised that though he had withstood a burial and then Marwazi's whipping, it will not be possible to survive the bandit-chiefs' experiment with his sword. He had to act without

any delay.

He gave an eerie shriek and sprang up. Immediately Marwazi echoed him and sprang forward too.

"The dead are back to life! Run boys, run!" the bandit-chief commanded his followers. Leaving their booty there, they fled.

"Enough is enough," said Marwazi and Razi embracing each other. "Now let us go home and divide what we have got," they said simultaneously. Hurriedly they collected the property the bandits had left and went away happily.



NOT MONEY BUT GRANNY!

Once upon a time there was a young man who suddenly came across a hidden property. He grew so rich that he boasted before his friends that money can do anything and that he can build a house that would excel the royal palace in grandeur.

"Nonsense!" said his friends. That sounded like a challenge to the young man. He built a house and it was really better than the king's.

To ridicule his friends who had shown contempt at his claim, he inscribed these words

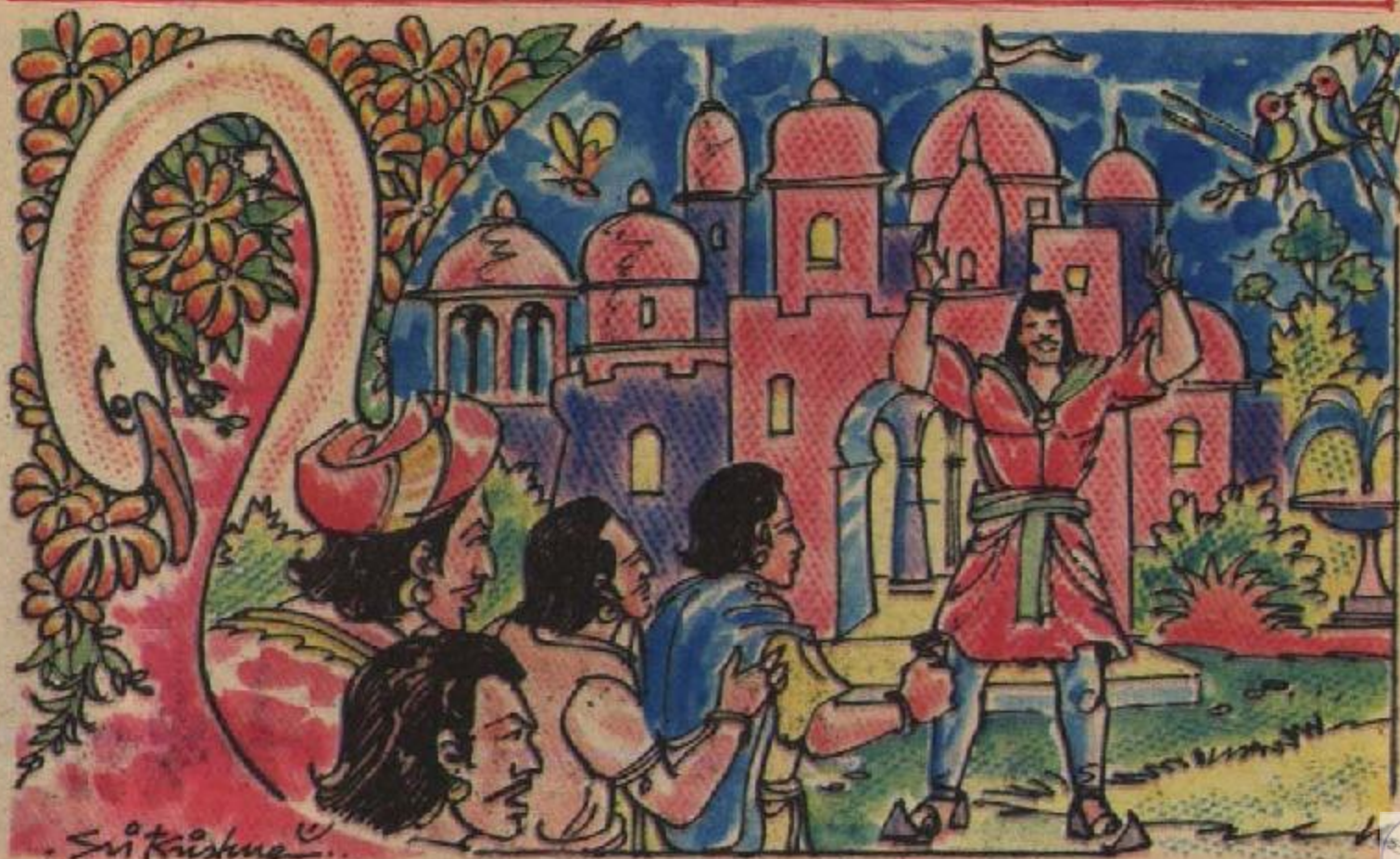
on the arch in front of his house: "Money can do anything"

Now, his house stood on a spot that was the fag end of the kingdom. He never dreamt that the king would ever set his foot there. The king did not, but one of his wandering officers did. He came and reported to the king what he saw.

"Summon the chap!" ordered the king.

Three messengers galloped forth and returned with the young man the next day.

"Money can do anything,



eh?" asked the king.

"My lord, I will erase the inscription as soon as I am back at home."

"That is not the point. The point is, you believe that money can do anything!" growled the king.

"Your Majesty, I'll demolish the whole archway."

"Tomorrow you may say that you can kill us with your money! That is the point."

"My lord, I'll demolish my whole house, if you so please."

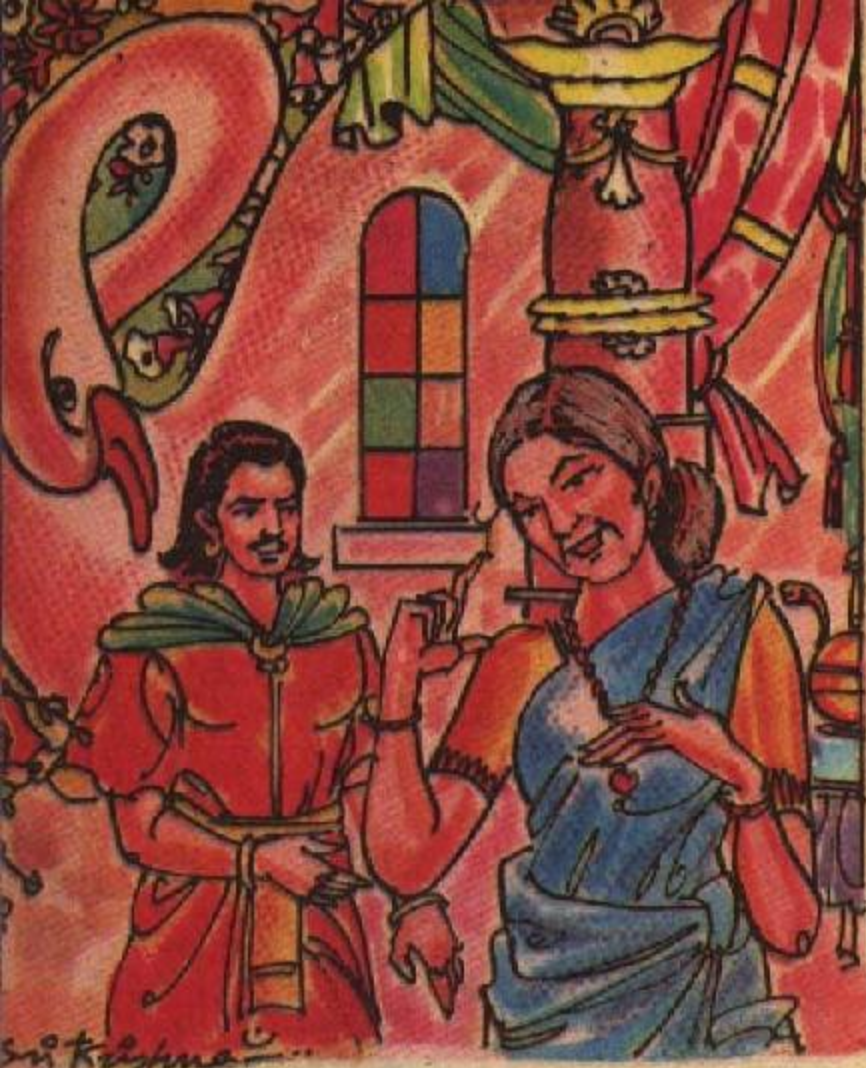
"We shall be pleased to see you prove that money can do anything. I give you a week to pass a test which is to see my daughter and talk to her with

your money-power. If you can, you marry her; if you can't you lose your head."

The king arranged for the young man to be lodged in the royal guest house, but the young man lay on his bed no better than dead!

On the second day his old grandmother came to see him. "I had a hunch that you are in difficulty," she said. The young man could not check his tears and narrated to the old lady his dialogue with the king and said, "I understand that the king has confined his daughter to the inner-most quarters of the palace and that portion is being guarded by a hundred trusted





maids. Then, a ring of one thousand soldiers has been thrown around the palace. Also, the princess has been instructed not to see or speak to any male, her father excepting, for a week."

"Cheer up, my boy, cheer up. Your head will remain intact and, in due course, should be adorned with something magnificent. Tell me, how much money have you got with you here?" asked the granny.

"A bagful of gold coins."

The granny took some gold coins and went out to meet the best silversmith in the town. "Make me a silver swan big

enough to contain a human being. I give you two days," she said.

"Crazy!"

"That is what you'll be if you don't do as I say. I give you two days and two hundred gold coins!" said the granny, tossing out of her bag one by one two hundred gold coins. "More after I get my thing."

The silversmith's eyes dazzled like silver. He set himself down to work immediately. On the third day the silver swan was ready. It could open and close its bill and it was on wheels.

The granny drew the silver swan to the young man's lodge. "Get into it with your violin and keep playing as melodiously as you can," she said. Early in the morning she was out in the street, drawing the swan along, melody flowing from the swan.

People rushed out to see the musical bird — first in ones and twos, then in dozens and then in hundreds. Soon marvelling crowds thronged the roadsides or followed the old lady.

Report of the strange musical swan reached the inner-most quarters of the palace. "Father, can't I go out for a moment to look at the magic swan?"

"No, my child, we don't know when you might be tricked to talk to that proud young man. But why bother to go out? We can of course summon the old lady into your presence!"

And the king's order duly reached the old lady. Gladly she came into the palace drawing the musical swan along.

"Let the Princess see and listen to the swan all alone. Nobody but the old lady should be with her. That will check all possibility of the young man sneaking in!" said the king.

So the swan and the old lady were left with the princess without anybody else being present there. The music was now at its

most charming phase. When it stopped, the princess said, "How sweet is your music, O Swan!"

"Did you like that?"

"Good God, you can even speak!" exclaimed the princess.

The swan's bill opened and sprang out the young man. Surprised, the princess took a step back!

"Please don't be afraid of me," said the young man courtesying to the princess. "My life depends on your speaking the truth before the king—that you have spoken to me!"

The young man re-entered the swan and the old woman left the place along with it.



Seven days passed. The young man was produced before the king.

"You lose your head today!" said the king gravely.

"I don't, for the princess has spoken to me," calmly informed the young man.

"What!" screamed the king.

"Ask the princes, Your Majesty."

The princess was ushered in. She confirmed the young man's claim.

When the king heard how the young man made the princess talk to him, he had no hesitation for announcing that the princess would be married to the young

man. In fact, he set a coronet on the young man's head and declared him as the crown prince, for he had no son!

"Now I know that money can do anything!" commented the king.

"But, Your Majesty, my idea has entirely changed. It is not money, but my granny who saved me. But for her courage and cleverness.....well, you know what you would have done to me. All my money could not have kept my body and head together!" said the young man—rather the crown-prince.

The king laughed.



Towards a Brighter Personality

The Best Treatment

A doctor, after retirement from service in a famous hospital, opened a small charitable dispensary. Naturally, he was in need of funds for running it, because he did not charge fee from his patients.

One day an old man walked into his office and handed over a cheque to him. The sum he donated was pretty large.

"Do you remember me? Once, ten years ago, I was in the hospital for three months. You were one of the team of doctors who treated me. When I got some money, I thought that I give you a part of it," said the old man.

"It is very kind of you. But why to me of all the doctors?"

"All the doctors treated me efficiently. But you were the only one who used to help me with my coat or bring my walking stick to me," said the old man and he went out.



Grandpa Chowdhury narrated this incident to Reena and Rajesh on their way to a nursing home. They were out to look up a family friend who had taken ill. "There is, a lot of difference between efficient treatment and treatment with a human touch. Treatment helps; efficient treatment helps more; efficient treatment with a human touch helps most. You wish to go for medical studies, isn't it, Reena?" asked the old professor.

"Yes, grandpa, you've given me a vital clue to success, I believe, only if I can practise it," replied Reena.

Most hippos are blackish-brown or slate coloured, although a few white species have been seen.

THE 'PIG' WITH THE BUILT-IN SUN-TAN LOTION

Huberta's Saga

Hippos rarely wander far and then only to trek from river to river. However a story is told about a hippo which was an exception to this rule. She was a female named Huberta. In 1928, she left the watery security of her home river in Zululand and wandered 800 km. southwards through territory in which no other hippo had been seen for generations.

No one knew where she was going or why, or where she would end up. But the newspapers took up the story of the wandering hippo with zest.

Her adventures would fill a book. Her arrival in parts of Zululand and Pondoland, where no hippo had been seen in living memory, scared the sugarcane plantation workers.

On she went through untouched bush country, thick forest and swamps. She must have

Looking like a monster from the past, the hippopotamus opened its enormous mouth in a great yawn. It was hot beside the African river. Warm breath gushed from the creature's interior. Then the mouth closed and the enormous animal sank on to its side, relaxed comfortably on the river bank and fell asleep.

Life is like that for the hippo, which, when not basking on the river bank, is swimming in the river or lazing in the shallow places near the edge. Its nostrils are on top of its muzzle so that it can lie under water all day, only its nose and eyes showing.

The nostrils and ears can be closed underwater so that the animal can sleep there, only rising to breathe every four or five minutes.

The hippo is slower on land than it is in water. It comes ashore to feed chiefly at night, only doing so in the daytime if it is raining or about to.

On shore, the hippo secretes its own "sun-burn lotion," a reddish pigment which protects its skin from cracking.

Its name is derived from Greek and means 'river horse'; this is what the hippo really is, for it is seldom found far from water.

Second only in size to the elephant among land mammals, it was once found in great numbers right across Africa from Lower Egypt in the north to Cape Colony in the south.

At an earlier stage, its ancestors certainly existed in other parts of the world. Today, however, it lives chiefly in the warm zones of central Africa and northern South Africa.

The common hippo of Africa (*hippopotamus amphibius*) is related to the pig family. Bulky in form, with a large head, it can weigh up to five tons, be over four metres long and stand over a metre high.



felt lonely because she once insisted on trying to join a herd of cows, which fled panic-stricken at the sight of the strange intruder.

She became so famous that hunters were forbidden to kill her. It was in this state of government security that she reached the Nahoon river in April, 1931, and found herself a temporary home in its warm waters.

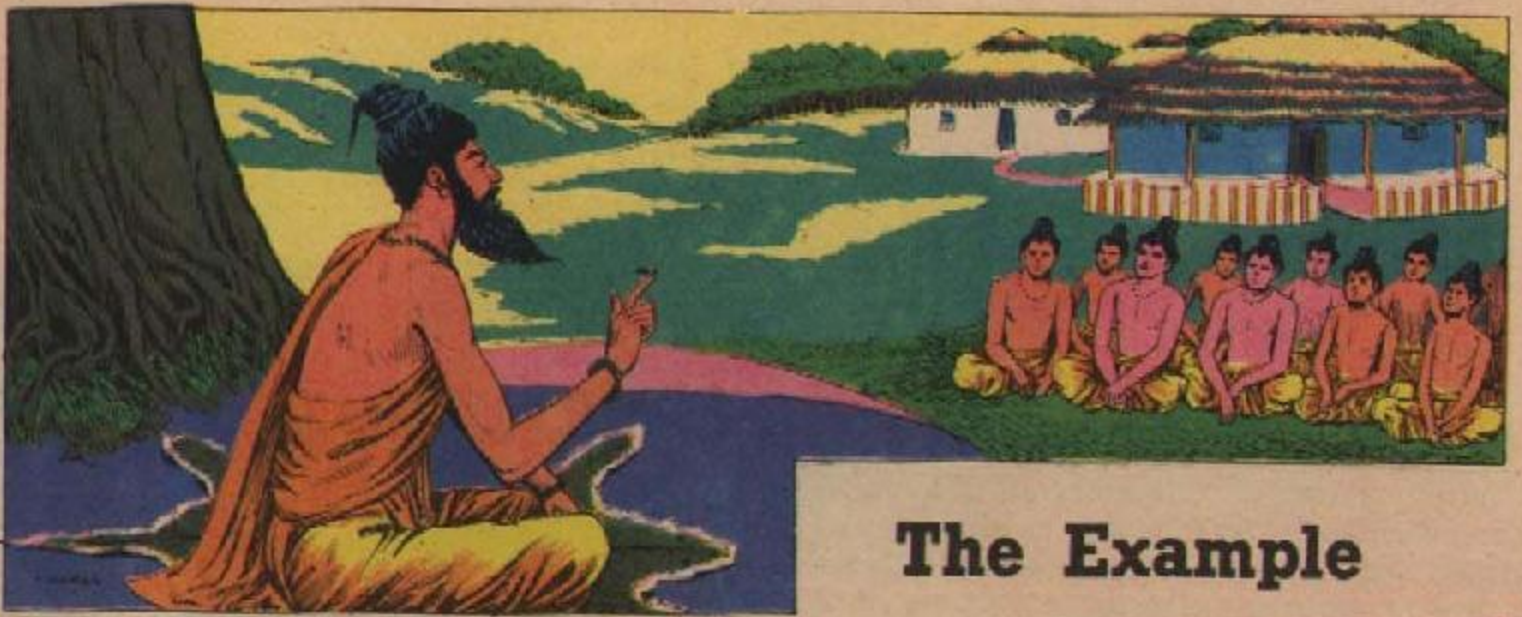
Then she went to the Kieskama river and rested there, wallowing happily in the muddy depths. After this, she decided upon a change of river and set off for her new destination. On the way she sat on a railway line and stopped a train. The driver had to nudge her out of his way with the engine.

Her next river was destined to be her last, however. A farmer's two sons shot her, unaware that she had been accorded government protection as "royal game." Their father, who could neither read nor write, apologised and said the family had never heard of Huberta.

Why did Huberta leave her home? Was it to seek a mate she had lost? To find richer pastures among the corn and sugar fields of the south? To escape the pursuit of hunters?

No one will ever know, but her death caused grief to animal-lovers everywhere.





The Example

The hermitage of Matanga Swamy was situated on a charming spot. It was on a lake in a hilly region.

The Swamy was a highly gifted guru. Boys of many a noble family resided in his hermitage to learn from him. The guru taught them not only literature, philosophy and such subjects, but also manners and norms of conduct.

Among the students was Virup. He was the king's nephew and his status made him very proud. He often flouted the guru's instructions. When the other students asked him not to do so, he replied, "What if I do?"

One morning, while taking a class, the guru said, "Today I propose to narrate a story to you." The students sat up erect, happy at the promise of a story.

This was the guru's story:

Years ago there was a great sage called Bhairavananda who lived at the forest of the Vin-dhyas. He was famous as a guru and many flocked to him for their education. But Bhairavananda was well-versed in the art of miracles too. If any of his students showed a keen interest in such knowledge, he imparted it to him.

Once two of his students who had just completed their studies requested him for some knowledge of miracles. The guru thought for a moment and said, "Your temperaments are not suited to learning the art of miracles. However, because of your eagerness I will teach you only one miracle. But you must observe one condition: You must not practice it unless there is real need for it."

The two students promised that they will not violate the condition.

The guru taught them a miracle by which they could change into any animal or bird at will.

They left for their town that was far away. On their way they were required to cross a river. The boatman was near the opposite bank. "Why wait for such a long time? Let us change into fish and swim to the other side," said one.

"Oh no. How can we ignore the guru's warning? We ought not to take recourse to the miracle unless it was truly necessary!" said the other.

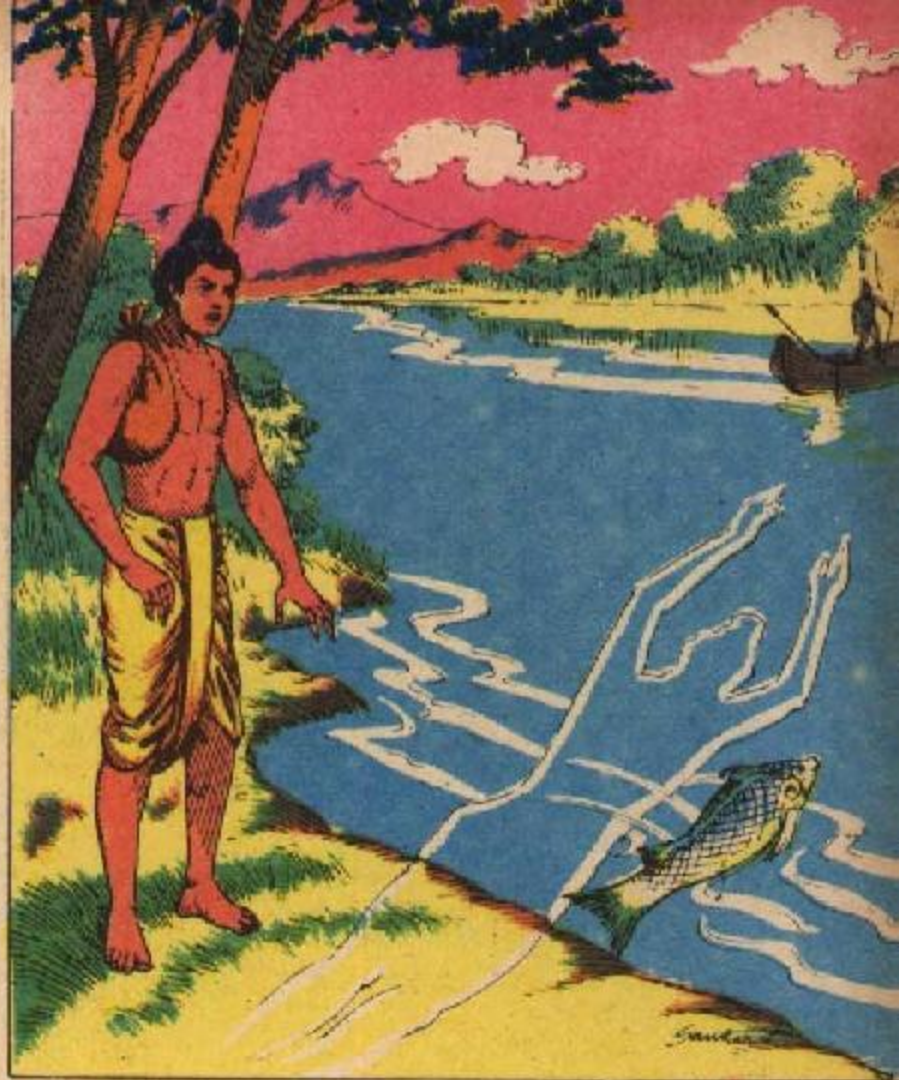
But the first boy said, "What is the benefit of our learning the miracle if we are not to put it to practice?"

He then changed into a fish and glided to the other side. On touching the bank, he became the man he was and waited for his friend.

The second boy crossed the river by boat. Both began walking again.

"How long will it take us to reach our town?" asked the first.

"Not less than a week," replied the second.



"A full week? Good God! Well, why not we change into birds and cover the distance flying?" asked the first.

"That won't be right," said the second quite firmly.

"You are being timid," commented the first. He soon changed into a dove and flew away.

After hours of flying he felt tired and perched on a tree. Suddenly a huge kite swooped down upon him and captured him in his claws and flew away.

The boy had no other go than to change into his human form. He fell from a height equal to that of a palm tree and broke his



leg.

The guru kept quiet for a moment. Then he asked, "Boys, do you know who that chap was?"

"No, sir," said all the boys.

"Haven't you marked that I limp when I walk?" asked the guru.

"That we have, sir," replied the boys, surprised.

"Need I still say who the chap

of that day was? I myself exemplify the consequence of disobedience to one's guru's instruction. That is why I have no right to chide any of you when you violate my instruction. But my condition should be enough to tell you that it is worth heeding your guru's advice."

The guru's words amazed the boys. The one to feel its thrust most was Virup.

Right

Lawyer : If you win the case, you won't have to bother about paying me all at once. Pay me twenty six thousand rupees to begin with. For the rest, pay two thousand rupees a month over twelve months.

Client : Sounds like buying a car!

Lawyer : Right. I am!





*New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire*

The Wonder Parrot

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of thunderclaps and moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of ghosts. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed it said, "O King, what is your inspiration for taking such pains at such an unearthly hour? Is it some friend's request? But what is the value of friendship? You may value someone as an indispensable friend today. Tomorrow you may not miss him at all! Here is an instance. Listen to it with attention. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Sudar-



san was a merchant who lived in Dhara Nagari, a fine city. Once a year he paid visits to distant cities for the sake of trade. He had an attraction for new and rare things.

Once he was camping at Ratnapur. A stranger showed him a parrot and said, "Sir, this is a very unusual bird, without a second in the whole world. I am selling it because I am poor and I need money badly."

"What is its speciality?" asked the merchant.

"It can solve many problems for you. At moments when you feel sad, it can amuse you through wonderful tales," re-

plied the man.

The merchant at first did not believe the man. But a few minutes of conversation with the parrot amazed him. The parrot appeared to him wiser than anybody he knew. He gladly paid a thousand rupees to the man and bought the parrot.

On his return journey the parrot narrated numerous tales and recited sweet verses to him. The merchant felt more and more fascinated by it. He had many friends, but all of them expected some benefit or the other from him. The parrot alone had no selfish motive. The merchant valued it as his greatest friend.

Back home he told everybody of his wonderful parrot. The members of his family were happy at the beginning. But when they saw that the merchant was devoting almost all his time to the parrot, they grew pensive. They feared that the business will suffer if the merchant did not give his attention to it.

One day his children told him, "Father, is it right for you to spend so much of your valuable time in the company of a parrot? Will our business not

suffer?"

"Why should it suffer? What if I die tomorrow? Can't you manage the business? I find much peace and happiness by talking to the parrot. That is why I spend my time with it," replied the merchant.

"Why don't you ask the parrot to give you peace and happiness at a time?" asked his wife.

The merchant did not reply to her. In the evening, when he was alone with the parrot, he put the same question to the parrot.

"My master, how can I, a prisoner myself, give peace and happiness to you? You have to find them yourself," said the parrot.

"How can I do that?"

"By coming out of the prison-cell of your little self. As you broaden your mind, as you sympathise with others and be kind to all, happiness and peace will be yours," said the parrot.

From the next day the merchant began to take stock of the problems of others. He helped some people with money and some people with advice or his influence. He rushed to the side of the townsfolk whenever they were in difficulty. He found



much happiness and peace in his activities.

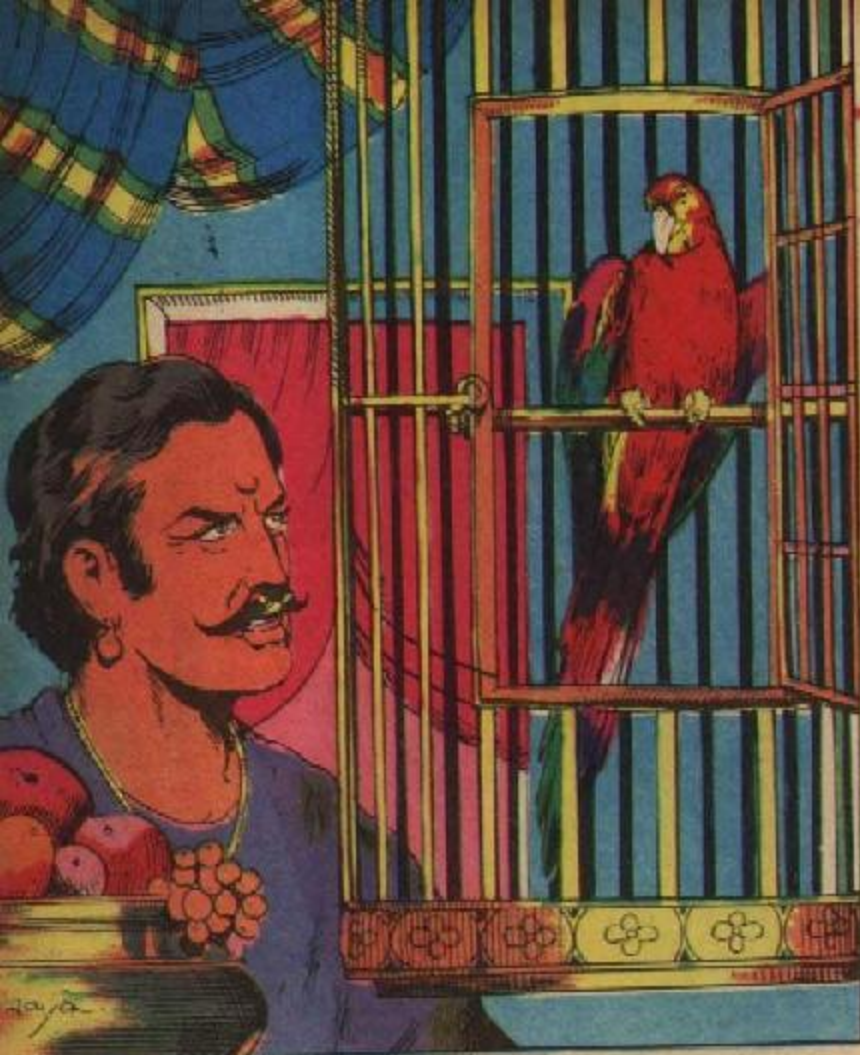
One day he told the parrot, "You have shown me the path to happiness and peace. What can I do for you in return?"

"Set me free," said the parrot.

The merchant's face paled. "That is not possible," he said softly. "Ask me for some other reward."

"Nothing else will make me happy," said the parrot.

The merchant's children and wife were eager to get rid of the parrot. It was because the merchant was giving away much wealth to others under the par-



rot's influence. One day his eldest son told him, "Father, is it ever possible that a mere bird would be so wise? It must be a ghost who has taken possession of the bird. I'm afraid, it is inauspicious to keep such a possessed bird in our house."

The merchant did not like his son's observation on the parrot, but he kept quiet. At an opportune time, he asked the parrot, "How did you master so much wisdom?"

"Once a great yogi, under a curse, became a parrot. I am his offspring. It is he who endowed me with such powers," said the parrot.

"It is my good luck to have you with me," commented the merchant.

"Maybe. But it is my bad luck to be a prisoner," said the bird.

Some days later one morning the merchant observed that his servant who fed the parrot had forgotten to lock the door of its cage.

"Your cage was open. How is it that you did not escape?" the merchant asked.

"It is true that I desire freedom. But I cannot be dishonest. You have paid the price of a thousand rupees for me. How can I go away without your consent?" answered the parrot.

The merchant was happy. Thereafter the cage was never locked. Once or twice the parrot warned the merchant, saying, "You are keeping the cage open. If I feel tempted to escape, you should not blame me."

But neither the merchant locked the cage, nor the parrot tried to escape.

A month passed. The merchant fell ill. Although the best physicians in the town treated him, his condition worsened. His sons called a renowned physician from another city. He ex-



amined the merchant carefully and said, "This is a rare disease. I know of one herb that can cure this. But that herb can be obtained of such a plant that is also very rare. We have not come across it in recent times." We are ready to spend any amount for it—five thousand rupees or ten thousand or even more—if you can tell us where to find the plant," said the merchant's eldest son.

"That is what I cannot tell!" confessed the physician.

Suddenly the parrot asked, "Will you let me try to find it?"

The merchant agreed to the suggestion. The parrot left for some unknown forest. It returned three days later with a branch of the plant. The physician prepared the medicine and the patient recovered speedily.

All were happy. But the parrot was not to be seen. They looked for it here and there, but in vain.

Six months passed. One day the parrot flew into the merchant's room and perched on a statue and said to the merchant, "I see, you are still keeping the cage hanging. Should I enter it?"

"You may if you so please;



you may leave whenever you please," said the merchant.

"Thanks," said the parrot and it entered the cage.

The merchant looked delighted.

The vampire ended his story here. After a pause, he asked the king in a challenging tone, "O King, had the parrot not declared that it won't go away without the merchant's consent? How could it escape, then? Again, why was it so eager to enter the very cage from which it had escaped? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off



your neck.”

Forthwith replied King Vikram, “Once the parrot had brought the herb that saved the merchant’s life, it had paid back infinitely more than the price the merchant had paid for it. It had earned its freedom. It returned to the merchant because

of its love for him and because of its own human qualities. The cage was no longer a prison for it, but another nest. It could go away at will!”

No sooner had the king concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

A Correction

In the concluding chapter of the pictorial story, *Moby Dick*, that appeared in the last (April’84) issue, the passage in the second column of Page 21 was replaced by another matter for an error of technical nature. We regret it. The lost passage should read:

The great shroud of the sea rolled over her grave. “This is not the end, Moby Dick,” Ahab shouted. “We shall grapple with you to the last.” He shook his fist at the whale who was now approaching us. “Tow us to hell, if needs be, with this spear and line.”

THE ODD-MAN-OUT

Could he have "walked"
thousands of miles
overnight?

A surprised crowd surrounded a soldier on the plaza in front of the palace in Mexico City.

Soldiers were not a rare sight. But this soldier was. He obviously came from some country unknown to the local people. His uniform, manners, accent, all were so different!

Soon officers representing the city authorities arrived on the spot.

"What are you doing here?" they asked.

"I was assigned the duty, along with many others, to stand guard in front of the governor's palace early last night!"

"Where are the others?"

"Don't know."

"Why before the palace?"

"Probably because they expected some kind of disturbance

since the governor was just murdered!" answered the soldier.

"What nonsense do you speak? Which governor was murdered?"

"The governor at Manila, of course! But now that it is broad daylight, I can see that this one is not the Manila palace. Probably this place is not Manila either!" the soldier said, his voice shaky with fear.

"This place is thousands of miles away from Manila. You must be a spy, spinning cock and bull stories!"

The soldier only blinked at the comment. Even those who made the comment knew that



they were speaking rather absurd. The Phillippines had no business to send a spy there; and the uniform of a Phillippino soldier did not make a spy's task any easier!

But what else to suppose? How can a man walk from the Manila army barrack to Mexico City overnight?

The only "sensible" thing the authorities could do was to put him in jail.

This was in the year 1593. There was no wireless then to communicate with Manila.

Two months passed. A Phillippino ship brought the news that the governor in Manila had

been assassinated—the night before the strange soldier was found in the Mexico City plaza!

The awe-struck authorities released the soldier. He was questioned if he knew any magic or if he had any other strange experience in life.

No. He knew no magic and the only strange experience he had ever had was to "walk" a few thousand miles through an hour's darkness—from Manila to Mexico City. He looked as perplexed as he had looked two months ago and as innocent.

Centuries later we are no wiser so far as this strange case is concerned.





Greed With A Difference

Once a terrible cyclone destroyed or damaged many houses in the village, Makhanpur. The primary school lost its thatch and all the huts belonging to a section of the poor people were levelled to ground.

Raghu, who lived in the town for his studies, was in the village on a visit. The condition of the poor and that of his old school depressed him very much. He mobilised the youths of the village for reconstructing the school and the huts of the poor.

They approached the well-to-do villagers for help. The villagers knew Raghu to be honest and idealistic. They gave donations generously.

At last Raghu went to meet Mahim Rao, the wealthiest man in the village. Rao was a money-lender and was known for his miserliness. But Raghu was

hopeful of receiving some contribution from him.

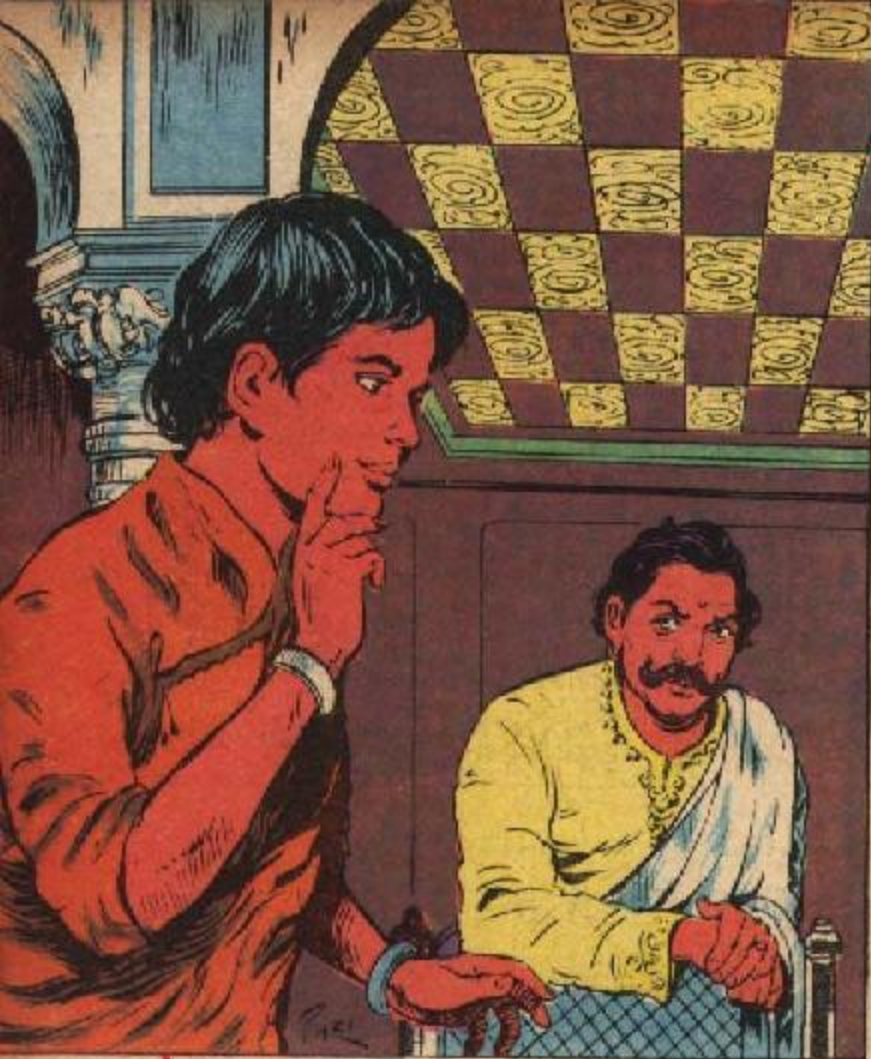
Raghu greeted Rao and said, "Sir, you must have heard of our efforts to reconstruct the school and the huts of the poor. What we have received so far should suffice for the school. But we need your help for the huts of the poor."

"Sorry, I can't help you," said Rao without the least hesitation.

"Why should you not help us, sir?" asked Raghu, a bit surprised at the money-lender's rudeness.

"Who are you to demand an explanation? Is it not for me to ask you why I should give you anything at all? Had the poor fallen at your feet praying for your help? Will you please leave me in peace?" shouted Rao.

Raghu felt highly embarrass-



sed. It was more because there were many people present around Rao. But he did not retreat. "Look here, sir, all the people are praising us because of our service. They will also praise you if you help our cause. Shouldn't you give a thought to this?"

Rao fixed his stern look on Raghu and said, "Praise, eh? Young man, do you see these people here? They have come to me seeking loans. Well, they all praise me. In fact I receive a fat lot of praise every day. You may be thirsting for praise, not I. You may go now."

Rao's attention went over to

others. Raghu felt awfully humiliated. He left the place quietly.

His well-wishers tried to console him, saying, "Why should you feel hurt with Rao's conduct when all the other villagers look upon you as an angel?"

But Raghu could not help thinking of some way to wreak vengeance on Rao.

Next day Raghu happened to meet a stranger on the village road. The stranger saluted to Raghu and said, "I'm a wrestler and a gymnast. Is it possible for me to show my gymnastic feats to the villagers? I don't expect a big fee. A small amount would satisfy me."

A novel idea flashed in Raghu's mind. "There is only one gentleman in our village who loves gymnastics. He is Mahim Rao," he said to the gymnast.

"Do you think he will welcome me?"

"He will treat you like a prince!" replied Raghu. "That is his house."

The gymnast happily entered Rao's house. Raghu could not suppress his joy. He could imagine what will happen: Rao will be rude to the gymnast; as a result the angry gymnast would



give Rao a taste of his muscle power!

Raghu loitered in the street, eager to see what happens.

He could overhear the conversation:

"Sir, I came to pay my respects to you when I heard of your great love for gymnastics!"

"Love? Love for what, please?"

"Your love for gymnastics, sir..."

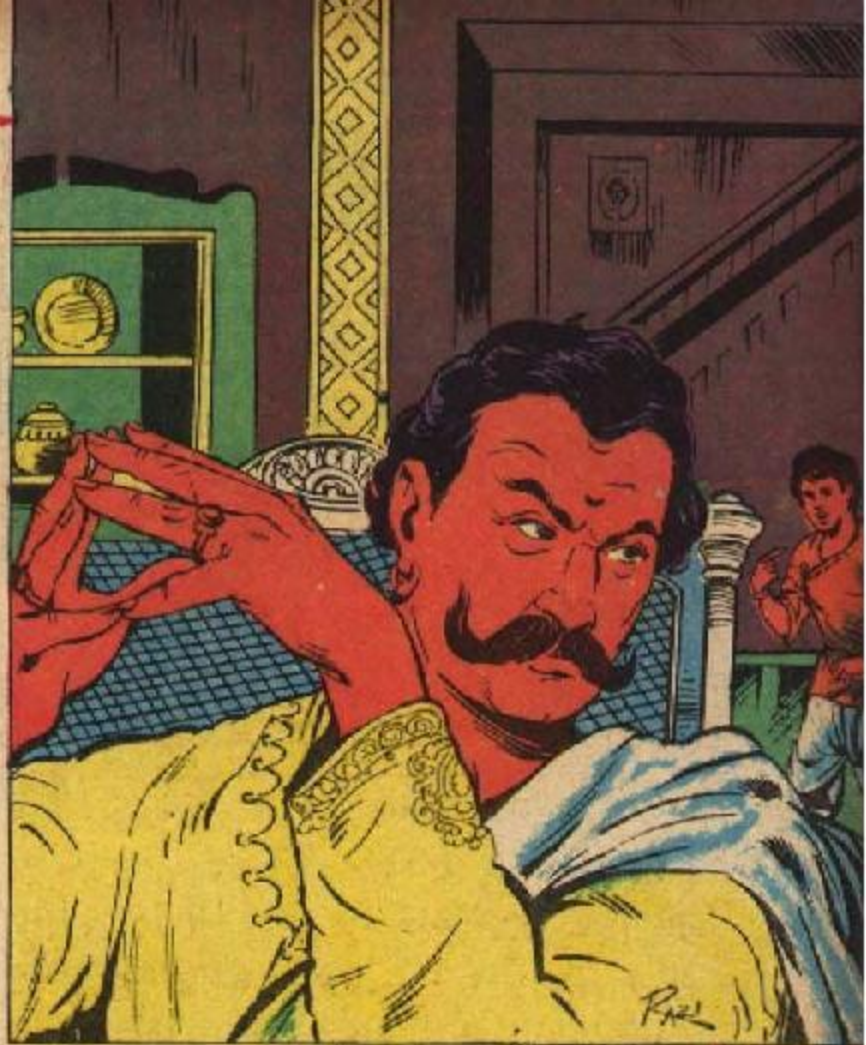
"Listen to me, man, nobody in my fourteen past generations had any interest in gymnastics. Some mischievous fellow must have misinformed you."

The gymnast came out of the house immediately, his face looking as grave as a dark cloud.

As soon as his eyes fell on Raghu, he lifted him up. "Either I dash you on the ground or throw you into the pond—the choice is yours!" he growled.

"Good God! Why do you take me to task for the insult you got from the money-lender? Why did you not do this to him?" Raghu cried out in panic, still held aloft by the gymnast.

"As if you don't know the answer yourself! You chap, if you had some enmity towards



Rao, why should you use me to punish him? You think yourself very clever, do you?"

"Pardon me, gymnast, sir, pardon me," mumbled Raghu, eager to be released of the gymnast's clutch.

The gymnast set him on the ground and went his way.

A little boy who was a witness to the scene narrated it to others. Soon all the villagers heard of the incident.

That made Raghu extremely sad. His holidays were over and he prepared to leave for the town. His father called him to his side and said, "Raghu, I know what saddens you. But



every incident can teach us something if we know how to derive the lesson out of it. One who wants to serve the people truly should not nourish any hatred or vengeance for somebody. You have many good qualities, but you have one defect and that is your vanity.

Because everybody else praised you, you felt hurt when Mahim Rao was rude to you. What does this prove? Just as Rao is greedy for money, you are greedy for praise. Get rid of this greed and you'll have peace."

"You're right, father," admitted Raghu.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





STORY OF INDIA-89

The Great Mutiny

To conquer new territories and to maintain its empire, the East India Company required a large army. It had to recruit more and more Indians as soldiers. But an Indian soldier was paid much less than an English soldier. He was humiliated in many other ways. While an English soldier would ride, the Indian must walk carrying his luggage.

The soldiers were given a new rifle. Cartridges for the new gun were smeared with grease and had to be bitten off before use. Both Hindus and Muslims came to think that the English had deliberately put the grease—animal fat—to defile their religion. They felt deeply hurt and agitated.



On the 10th of May 1857 soldiers stationed at Meerut rebelled against their authority and took the English officers' prisoners. What was brewing for a long time suddenly manifested. The mutineers did not stop with their success at Meerut.



With great enthusiasm they marched towards Delhi. Some of them galloped to army camps at other places to inform the Indian soldiers of their mutiny. As discontent was common everywhere, the mutiny spread like wildfire. On their way to Delhi the mutineers spread the news among the people that the English were being thrown out.

The soldiers reached the famous Red Fort and proclaimed the scion of the Mughal Dynasty, Bahadur Shah, as the emperor. The old ruler willy-nilly lent his support to the uprising. The English army stationed in Delhi was defeated. Delhi fell into the hands of the mutineers.



At Bithur the adopted son of Peshwa Baji Rao II, whom the English had refused to recognise as the Peshwa's heir, was crowned by Tantia Topi who possessed the skill of a true general. Both Nana Sahib and Tantia Topi threw themselves into the mutiny, heart and soul.

The Rani of Jhansi, Lakshmi Bai, too had been declared heir-less by the English though she had a son by adoption. The English camped there to govern her kingdom. The brave Rani herself led her soldiers and defeated the English army and captured the captains.



"You will be treated as guests, but you must send message to your bosses that they have no business to disrespect our tradition and laws," the Rani told her prisoners who were looked after well by her. But the English swooped down upon Jhansi with greater strength under the leadership of a very able general, Sir Hugh Rose.

Dressed like a soldier, the Rani defended her castle with exemplary bravery. But Sir Hugh was a crafty general and he had come with a large army with better weapons. The Rani's castle fell. But the Rani escaped with her infant adopted son hung to her back.





The Rani was soon joined by Nana Sahib's general, Tantia Topi. With their army they stormed into Gwalior. The Scindia of Gwalior who was a supporter of the English, fled his fort. The Gwalior army sided with the Rani. The English troops at Gwalior were totally routed.

Sir Hugh Rose reached Gwalior as soon as possible. After two fiercely fought battles, the Rani had to escape. The English pursued her. On the road there were confrontations again and again. At last the English succeeded in wounding the Rani, but could not capture her.



It was the 17th of June 1858. The wounded Rani retired into a garden and breathed her last. Her maids and companions cremated her body before the enemy learnt of her death and reached the spot. The Rani of Jhansi, Lakshmi Bai, remains one of the most noble and heroic characters in the world's history.

Great Ideas

Two vagabonds had got drunk and were in great spirit. They had forgotten that they did not have money enough to buy even their breakfast when it would be morning.

"I've an idea. I'll buy all the famous hill-stations and health resorts," said the first one.

"I see!" winked the second.

"Yes, and I'll buy the best planes too so that I can fly anywhere at will."

"I see!"

"Yes, and I'll buy all the famous hotels all over the world," said the first, waving his arms and asked, "How do you like my idea!"

"Great. But, my friend, who told you that I should be willing to sell all these things to you? I've no such idea, I assure you."



(A Prize-winning entry in the January Contest.)

Money and Money

Rajendra and Narain were friends in their childhood. Upon growing up Rajendra took to trade and soon grew very rich. But he earned his money through dishonest means.

Narain was a school teacher. He was happy with his modest income.

One day Rajendra exhorted Narain to grow rich like him. Both used to be very frank to each other.

"I'm happy with my lot. I

don't want to grow rich through dishonesty," said Narain.

"What if you earn through dishonesty? If you have money, you can help others!" said Rajendra.

"Your ill-gotten money will help none. But help given with money earned honestly will go a long way in helping anybody," asserted Narain.

"Don't speak nonsense. Do you mean to say that I cannot help anybody? Let us see!"

Rajendra called a very poor



man and gave him a gold ring. "Make use of this much gold to improve your condition," he told the man.

The poor man thanked him and went away happy. He put on the ring and sang to his heart's content while crossing the river by boat. He dipped his hand in the water again and again to see the ring glistening.

As his finger slightly shrank in the cold water, the ring slipped off and was lost.

The sad man reported the matter to his wife. The hopeful lady immediately went to Rajendra and narrated their misfortune to him.

"Never mind. Here is another chance for you," said Rajendra as he handed over a gold necklace to her.

The happy lady went home and hung the necklace on the wall of her hut. Suddenly a crow which was accustomed to enter the hut flew away with it.

The lady bemoaned her lot. This time her husband went to Rajendra and reported what had happened.

"Never mind. Here is yet another chance for you—the last chance," said Rajendra and he gave him a bagful of money.



It was evening when the poor man was back in his hut. "I'll hide the money in such a way that no thief can steal it," he told his wife and buried the bag under a heap of ash.

Early in the morning their neighbour, a poor old lady, visited their hut for a handful of ash to clean her utensils. Instead of waking up the couple, she helped herself with the ash. In the process she found the bag and quietly removed it.

An hour later the couple discovered their loss and shed tears. Narain, who was on his way to his school, heard their whimpering and enquired what had be-

fallen them. They narrated everything to him.

The poor man said, "I did not work yesterday. As a result I have no money to buy any food today."

"My friend, here is a rupee for you. Have food first and then decide what you should do," said Narain.

In those days one could buy so much with a rupee! The poor man went to the bazar and bought food items for two days including a fresh fish.

"Bring me some dry wood," his wife said, ready to cook. The man climbed an old tree in which he saw a dry branch. His eyes were diverted to an object glittering in a crow's nest. He found it to be the lost necklace.

"I've found it, I've found it!" he cried out.

"I've found it, I've found it!" cried out his wife who had just cut the fish and found the ring inside it.

The nervous old lady who had stolen the bag of money thought that she had been found out! She surrendered the bag to the couple, saying, "I found this under the ash in your kitchen. Lest it should be stolen, I kept it in my custody."

In the evening the couple reported the events to Rajendra and Narain.

"Indeed, Narain, it is your single rupee that changed the value of my gifts. Without that my gifts would have been lost to him," said Rajendra. —D. Kalliaraj



The Difference

This was six hundred years ago. In the prosperous city of Pumpuhar there lived a pious merchant named Pattinattar.

Pattinattar was a great devotee of Lord Shiva — so much so that Shiva let an emanation of His be born as Pattinattar's son.

Pattinattar was much attached to his little son. He was already wealthy, but now he tried to earn even more for the sake of his son.

To his shock, one day he saw his lovely son missing. Frantic search yielded no result, but a scroll with the child's handwriting was discovered.

The scroll read: "You can't

take with you even an eyeless needle on your last journey!"

At once a thick veil was removed from Pattinattar's vision. He had always suspected that his son was no ordinary child. Now he realised that the child had left him for ever for the welfare of his soul through a shock.

As he was already an enlightened man whose wisdom was only under a temporary veil, he left everything and became an ascetic. "Distribute my wealth among the needy," he told his manager and went to live in a cremation ground.

The faithful manager began charity with Pattinattar's



wealth. Pattinattar's wife complained to the king that her husband's property was being squandered away.

The king knew Pattinattar to be a noble and wise man. He was surprised that the man had so suddenly broken away from his family and property.

Curious, the king decided to investigate into the affair himself. He went to Pattinattar's house and felt convinced that what the manager was doing was in accordance with his master's wish.

The king proceeded to meet Pattinattar at the cremation ground. From some distance he saw the man who was one of the wealthiest in his kingdom, seated on a heap of ashes, bare-bodied.

The king removed his shoes

and went to him alone. Pattinattar saw him, but sat calm and motionless.

"Why did you take to this path? How is your present condition better than your previous condition?" asked the king.

"Don't you see it yourself? Previously I had to go to you. Now you have to come to me. Previously you remained seated while I stood before you. Now I remain seated while you stand before me!" replied Pattinattar.

The king stood speechless. He appreciated the superiority of spiritual life to any other mode of life. He renounced his kingdom and became a disciple of Pattinattar — who is known as Saint Pattinattar. The king assumed a new name, Bhadrageiri.



NEWS-FLASH

Winged Ships

The University of Wisconsin (U.S.A) has designed a ship that will glide through the water with wings. The wings will flap like those of fish.



His Patient's Voice!

Russian researchers have evolved a method that enables a doctor to determine the health condition of any person by a study of his voice characteristics.

Beware of Video Games

Do not be addicted to video games. It has just come to the knowledge of research scholars that they can not only put most people into a frenzy, but also be responsible for epileptic fits—though rarely. They do not cause epilepsy, but they stimulate it in those who have the epileptic tendency.



Do you know?

How long will it take to reach the sun by car, if you could do it, at a speed of slightly over 96 Km (60 miles) per?
176 years, non-stop!



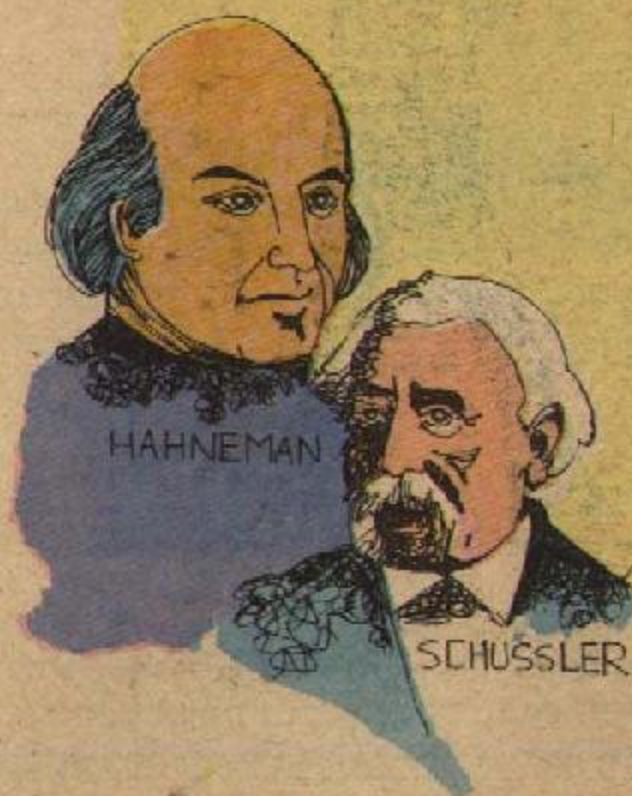
LET US KNOW

*Who discovered the system of treatment known as the homoeopathy?
How is it related to biochemistry?*

—P.N. Singh, New Delhi

German physician Christian Friedrich Samuel Hahneman (1755–1843). His major work on the subject, *The Organon*, was published in 1810.

Biochemistry is a branch of science that investigates the chemical processes in organic matter and its by-products. But the name is also applied to a branch of homoeopathy formulated by Wilhelm Heinrich Schussler in the late 19th century. According to Schussler our tissues are made up of twelve salts. A disease is the result of the deficiency of one or more of these salts.



What are the rivers originating from the Himalaya?

—Rohini, Ooty.

The main ones are: The Sindhu (Indus), the Ganga, the Sutlej, the Brahmaputra, the Kosi, the Gondak and the Sabansiri.

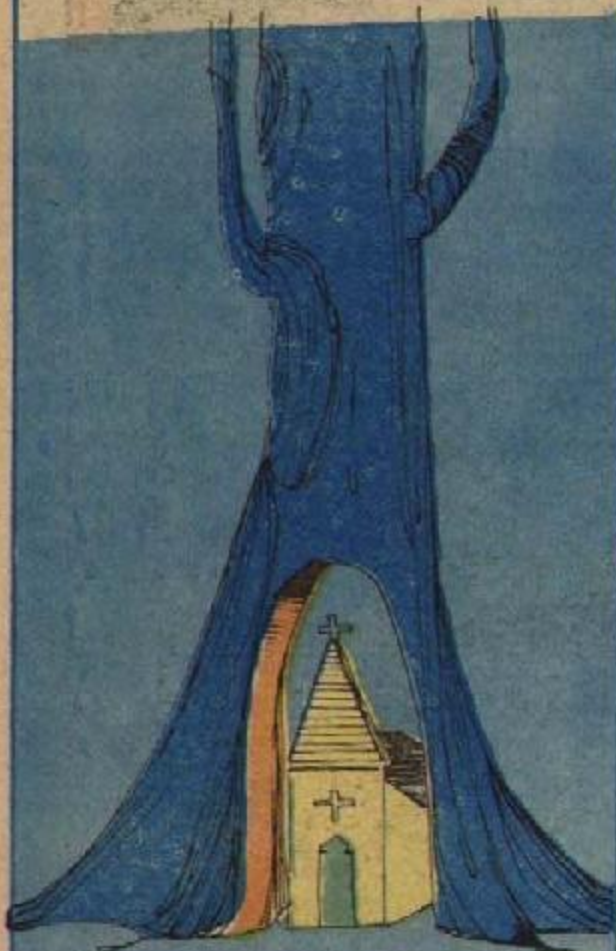
Which one is supposed to be the cleanest city in the world?

—Ravindra Gadgil, Pune.

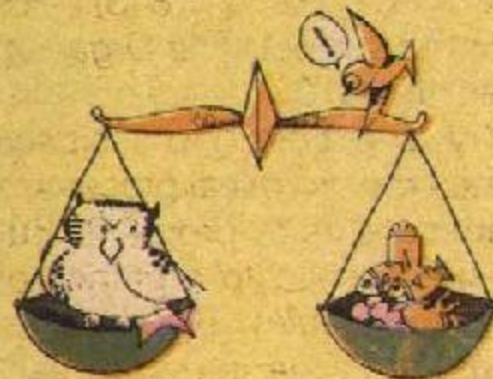
Reyjavik, the capital of Iceland.

DO YOU KNOW?

A massive oak tree in Allouville, France, developed such a hollow that in 1696 a small two-storey church was built inside it.



There was a king who ruled four different countries with four different names: King William IV of England was William I of Hanover, William II of Ireland and William III of Scotland.



A barn owl can consume food more than its own weight, in one night.



It is because there were thirteen people partaking of the Christ's Last Supper that for many 13 became a number to be shunned. But the superstition has no place in Italy where 13 is the luckiest number.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



A. Lakshmana Rao



G. Srinivasa Murthy

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for March '84 goes to:—

Miss. Savina Mendcy, C/o. Mrs. P.H. Mendcy
9/96 grey town, Coimbatore-18.

The Winning Entry:—'Child's Plight' & 'Audience's Delight'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

The best committee is a committee of two when one is absent.

—Edward Verrall Lucas.

To do each day two things one dislikes is a precept I have followed scrupulously: every day I have got up and I have gone to bed.

—William Somerset Maugham.

God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.

—Joseph Roux.

The Maltova Gang. You never know what they're up to!



Children need health, strength and energy. And that's just what they get from Maltova! It's full of the concentrated goodness of golden wheat, barley, pure milk, rich cocoa and sugar. Turns milk into a drink that tastes good... while it does so much for them. So give your children Maltova. And watch them

grow up strong and healthy. With more energy, better resistance, greater stamina. Getting the most out of each day... the Maltova way.

Sun-ripened wheat and barley malt

From Punjab, the bread basket of India, comes the wheat and barley that is turned into nourishing malt at the Maltova plant. Brimming with essential minerals, iron and Vitamin B, Maltova is a pre-digested food that is readily absorbed.

Pure, wholesome milk

The milk in Maltova comes from the lush green pastures of Punjab... from our own milk collection centres. Always 100% pure, 100% nourishing.

Delicious cocoa taste

We use superior imported cocoa — to give you the best taste and nutritional value. Cocoa

JL JAGATJIT INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Winner of the Gold Medal
at the Monde (World)
Selection de la Qualite,
1981 and 1982.

revives you and helps you to relax.

Sugar for energy

From the sugar bowl of India... pure, white sugar that's the pick of the crop. So essential for the extra energy that children need.

Specially fortified with vitamins

Maltova is a unique combination of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals. It is also fortified with extra Vitamin A, Niacin, Vitamin B₁ and Vitamin D₂.

And it has no artificial flavouring. Maltova.

For the kind of health, strength and energy that gives your children a zest for life.



Vitamin - enriched Maltova: for health, strength and energy

No Entry Fee



CHANDAMAMA camel COLOUR CONTEST

WIN PRIZES

Camel

- 1 First Prize—Rs. 15/-
- 3 Second Prizes—Rs. 10/-
- 10 Third Prizes—Rs. 5/-
- 10 Certificates

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



This contest is open to children up to 12 years of age. Colour the picture shown above completely with Camel colours and send it to the following address:
P.B. No. 11501, Nariman Point Post Office, Bombay: 400 021.

The judges' decision will be final and binding. No correspondence will be entertained.

Name: _____ Age: _____

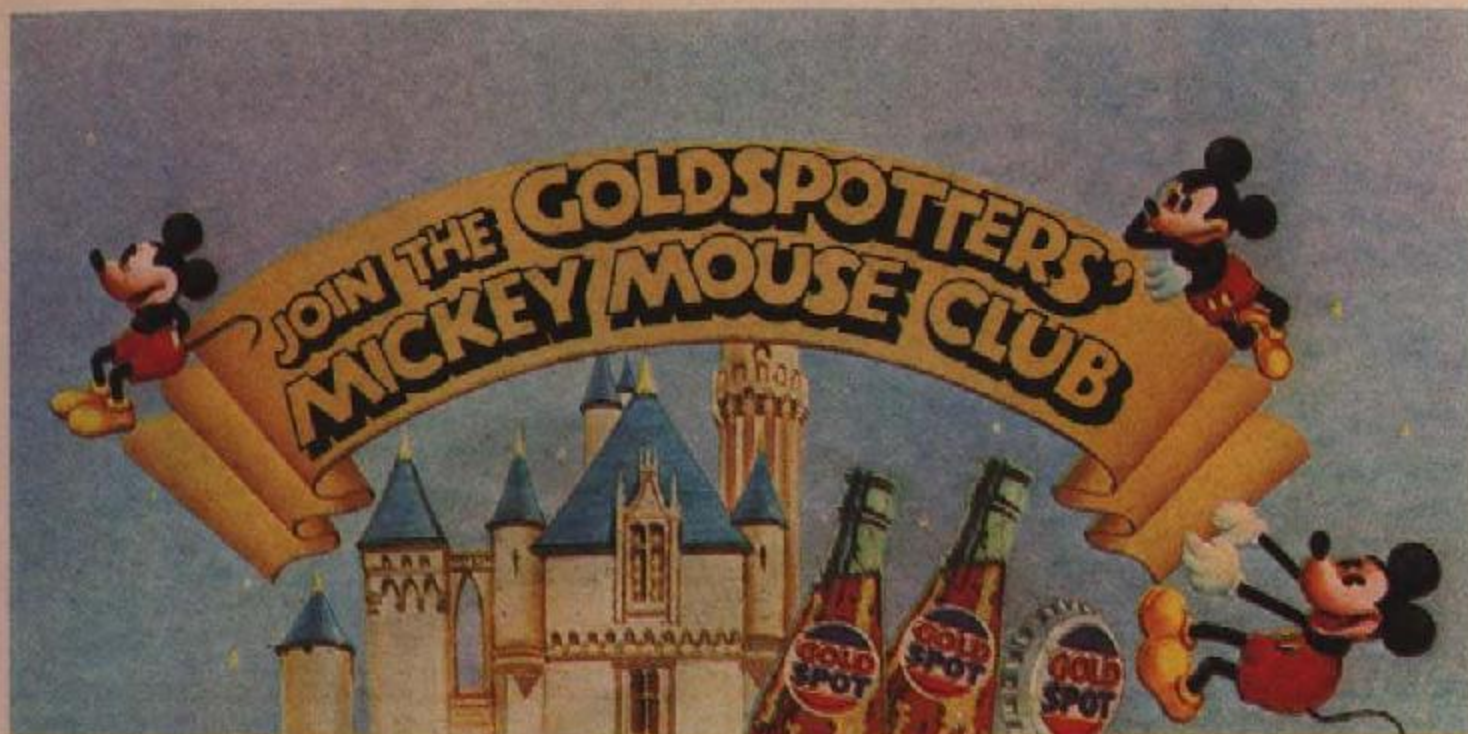
Address: _____

Send entries before: 31.5.1984

CONTEST NO.3

Vision/CPL 84025





Hi kids!
It's me,
Mickey Mouse.
We're
going to have the
time of our lives!

Catch me under GoldSpot crowns -
any 12 out of 14 (Blue crowns only).
Stick them on an entry form and exchange
it for one Walt Disney album with lots
of fun'n' games inside... Yippee!
Every 2 months there's a new album. You
might have to chase Donald Duck or
Uncle Scrooge next time... so watch out!

How to become a member:

Collect any 3 albums. Fill up 3 different
membership forms (one from each album)
and hand it over to your nearest GoldSpot
Exchange Centre... and hey presto!
You'll become a member of my club.
You'll get a special Mickey Mouse Club
badge and an identity card that will get
you big discounts on toys... books...
movies!

Are you ready to chase me?

GoldSpot... Get set... Go!



What
are you
waiting
for?

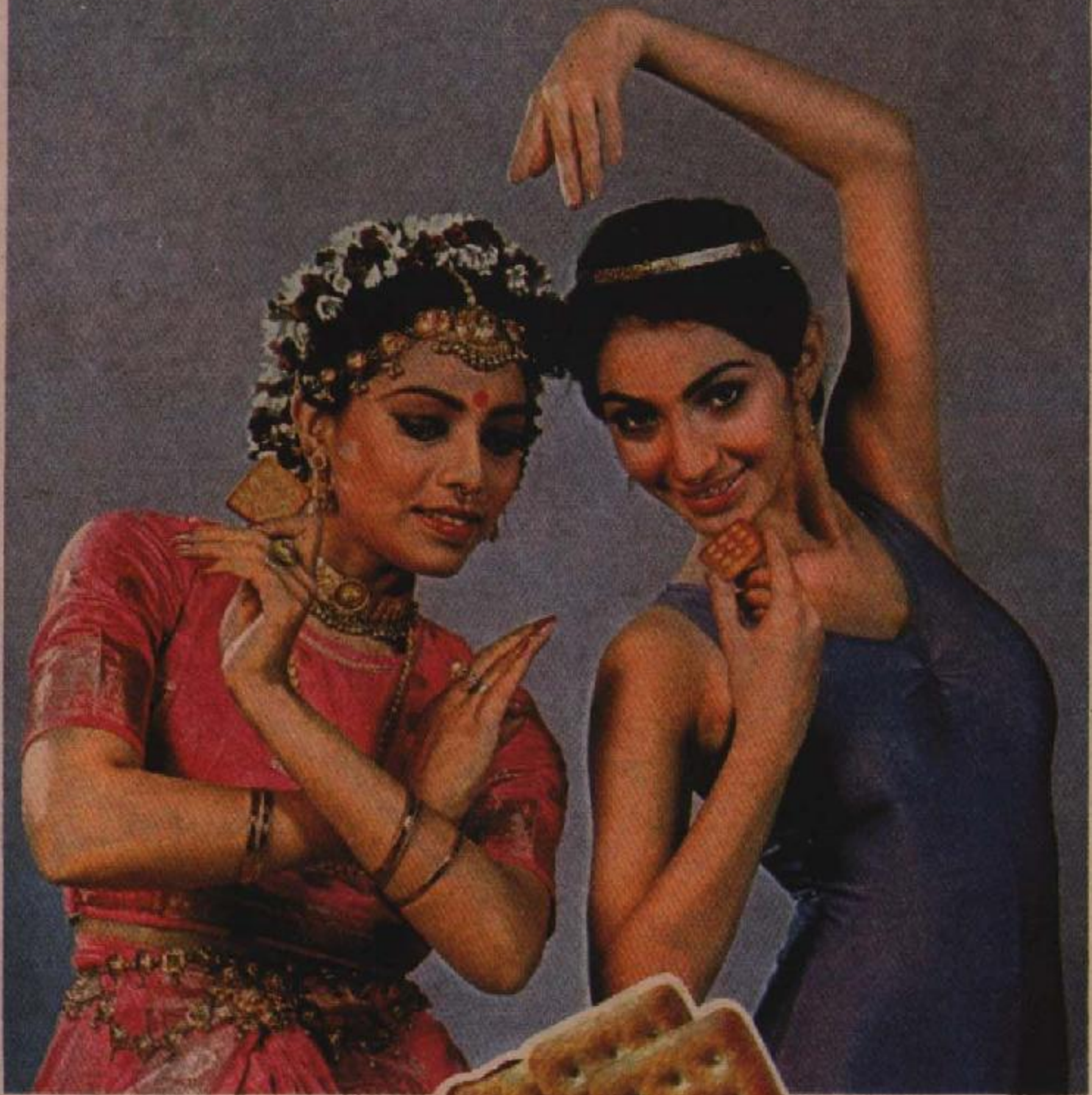


Fun means Goldspotting



The sweet 'n' salty meeting point.

PARLE



Some say it's sweet,
others swear it's salty.
All agree that it's tasty,
crisp and crunchy.

Buy only this pack. Because
genuine Krackjack is never
sold loose. Never.



World Selection
Award Winner

PARLE Krackjack Biscuits
— the sweet and salty temptation.

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